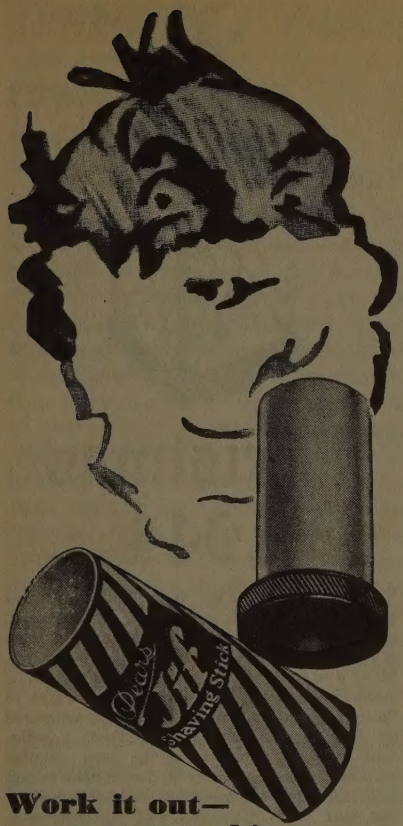

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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

'Christmas is coming round again!'

UNFORTUNATELY with the nation still at war, despite newspaper prophecies of a month or two ago which became absurdly optimistic, especially in the *Evening Standard*. Most adult persons are accustomed to express their intense dislike of the Christmas Festival, in peace as in war. How glad they will be when it is all over! Yet it is one of those things which if it did not exist would have to be created. For festivals are essential to man, even if he does not succeed in enjoying them. They are needed to bring variety to his life, which is becoming yearly duller, broken only by the occasional horror of war. It is indeed because winter is so unusually dreary in this fog-bound north-western corner of Europe that special attempts have always been made on the island to celebrate Christmas with enthusiasm. The difference in the mentality of the Russian people can be seen in their attitude to this feast. To the Russian Orthodox, the supreme event of the year is Easter, 'when Christ has risen.' The Russians are a catastrophic people, never happy without a catastrophe of some description. Thus they celebrate the death of Christ, and his Resurrection. This is too disturbing for Anglo-Saxons, who prefer to keep Christmas Day, Christ's birthday.

MORE CHILDREN?

CHRISTMAS in fact is not easily enjoyed in the absence of children. Where children are about, their undoubted joy in the occasion communicates itself to all. Thus there is much to be said against any attempt to 'minimise' this occasion, if we are to encourage family life, or return to larger families. The Tory Reformers, ever prolific with their literature, have produced *Tomorrow's Children* (or rather a pamphlet with that title). A Royal Commission is also enquiring, at some leisure, into the problem of population. The fact is that no one yet really knows why we are having fewer children. Certain facts are of course known. That the birth rate has progressively gone down in western countries (not excluding Germany and Italy), but that it remains very high in eastern Europe, especially in the Soviet Union; and also in Asia. Actual 'fertility' is thought to have become lower in Britain, possibly owing to an urban, mechanical, 'strap-hanging', and generally rushed and unnatural life, with the wrong diet, including fish and chips, and white, instead of wholemeal bread. However, it is probably more important that women today do not wish to have so many children. A number of things could be done in this respect. First, the duty and honour of having children can be stressed, and it can be made 'more fashionable'. On a more 'practical' plane, medical services for mothers could be improved, and made much cheaper and more convenient. Then there are the Children's Allowances. How odd that the Government, which has at last come out for the encouragement of more children, has decided in its new White Paper to cut down Sir William Beveridge's Children's Allowances! Does the Government want more and better children, or does it not? There is also 'Housing', to say nothing more, in the friendly atmosphere of

Yuletide, about the Government's disgraceful surrender of the Town and Country Planning Bill, inadequate as it was already, to the land speculators. The Government is faced with an appalling *immediate* housing problem which will break immediately after the war, and which the Portal[1] House does not look as if it is going to solve. *Plus* an *even more immediate* problem, to wit, the repair of doodlebugged roofs and windows. In regard to this last, the authorities can hardly be regarded as having been highly successful. It is thus always in respect of Housing that the poorer people are, literally, hit. Working class food has not been too bad during the war. But Housing and accommodation! It is certainly true that in peace and war it is housing which represents the principal difference between richer and poorer in modern Britain. In fact, a poor person can almost be defined as one who has to live in a bad house in an unattractive and inaccessible locality. Rents, too, and their variation up and down the country, still remain one of the chief obstacles to a really effective and fair system of Social Insurance. To name one more discouragement to the would-be parent, there is the problem of Education. Here the English have got themselves into a muddle which does not exist in other countries. For the professional man is paying for a more and more extended, and therefore more expensive, system of education conducted by the State; yet convention makes him disregard it, and send his offspring to a private establishment. I know an Old Etonian who has just despatched his son and heir to an ordinary secondary school. A splendid action! Yet can it not be argued that he has made his son pay the price for his own adherence to an admirable principle? If all parents would concert together to fuse the two rival systems, then at last we might get somewhere. But isolated acts are not very useful. Finally, in everyday life things are not made easier for the parent. Let nothing more be said of the cabin-cruiser-like proportions of the Portal, or the spacious homes of Bayswater and Pimlico, which are duly being converted into 'flatlets' (horrible expression No. 1!) of an equally exiguous size. Even in the most expensive of 'luxury flats' (horrible sentence No. 2!) the uniformed staff have instructions to clear away all perambulators from the entrance halls.

CHRISTIAN?

THE Rev. Harold Green, vicar of St. Nicholas, Ipswich, who sent a parcel of rat poison to German prisoners-of-war, did not show a very Christian spirit, even at the approach of Yuletide. He also revealed no knowledge of the Geneva Convention for the treatment of war prisoners. What would he have said had he learned that German pastors were engaged in poisoning our men in Germany? This Christian gentleman has been rightly reproved by his Bishop. It is largely in our treatment of prisoners-of-war and the wounded that we can show the world that we are different from the Nazis. Actually, although there is still a deal of talk about the re-education of the Germans, no attempt has been made to re-educate German prisoners-of-war, or even to separate the sheep from the Nazi goats. It might have occurred to our big brains that to re-educate prisoners, and treat them well, and to let some of them escape, would have had some effect on German resistance.

Similar arguments apply to the case of German youths and sub-youths recently captured. *The Daily Mirror* foolishly glories because half of its correspondents have written 'Kill the boys!'

[1] Or the Sandys.

This sort of thing is about as useful for the decreasing of German resistance as the idiotic idea of Mr. Morgenthau, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, to turn Germany back into a purely agricultural area. Some of the papers have really been very silly in publishing so many pictures of these unfortunate boys. Brutalised young Nazi killers some of them may well be. But the sight of these apple-cheeked lads has had on English readers the very opposite effect of that intended by the brilliant editors of these leading journals.

MANNERS—NEW LOW

CAN anything be done to alleviate the outbreak of appalling manners on all sides? This regrettable disease is perhaps natural after five years of war. Yet the perpetrators should endeavour to restrain themselves; and to realise that their behaviour is the worst possible service to the common effort. There do exist Celtic and other fringes of the kingdom where the inhabitants do not seem to realise that there is a war on. That is they fail to appreciate that it is now considered the fashion to be as disagreeable as possible. Elsewhere things are pretty bad. The unfortunate consumer, 'the legitimate King' who has never yet been king in any country, does not so much mind that articles are in short supply (horrible expression No. 3!) or are positively out of stock. But he or she neither appreciates, nor merits, the discourteous demeanour of many shop assistants and others. I am tempted to inaugurate a No-Rudeness League, having as its motto the words, 'Is your insolence really necessary?'

It is also time, and more than time, to protest against the behaviour of buffet attendants at our dreary railway stations. The scene within these should-be places of cheer is dismal and horrible beyond the imagination of Dickens. The tea is never ready. The assistants show no knowledge whatsoever that a train or connection has to be caught, and care a great deal less. The disgusting-looking counter is usually covered with equally disgusting-looking tea, which has been suffered to overflow for hours, and no doubt weeks, and years. The female staff are invariably engaged, if they are not titivating their sordid tresses, in pretending to wash some of the cups. They are at no time ready to produce 'the cup that cheers'. British railway buffet women would have to be seen to be believed. They seem to be a race apart, bearing no recognisable resemblance to the ordinary waitress. Their terrible condition is said to be the fruit of very low wages. There can surely be no stronger argument for wage increases.

Attractive MRS. VAN CAUTER (*pronounced Cuter*), *the author of the article on Belgium on p. 19*

The manager of the hotels of one of our revered railway companies is just announced as having retired, in order to seek recreation, after something like twenty-five years' work. This is surprising. For he seems to have slumbered for a quarter of a century.

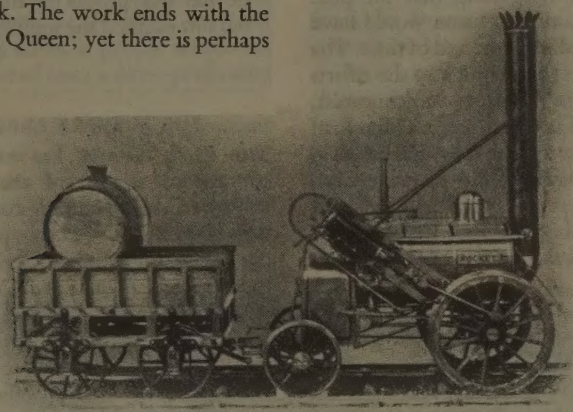
SOCIAL HISTORY

NOT many readers yet have seen G. M. Trevelyan's *English Social History* since it has been practically impossible to get a copy of it. This constitutes a pungent reflection on the Paper Control. For the book was published in the United States in 1942, and has only just been published in this country, and then only a few thousand copies were printed. It was only with extreme difficulty that I got a copy of the book into my own hands. A friend had managed to get it, in order to drop it over Yugoslavia for a mutual friend, a British officer, who is leading guerrillas; and is alleged to have asked for it to read in his spare time. So I borrowed it, but will have to despatch it at once to the Balkans. I was actually slightly disappointed with its contents. Probably because it has received such overwhelmingly good notices. And because, having read nearly all Trevelyan's works, from his *British History in the Nineteenth Century*, to his romantic histories of Garibaldi and the Italian Resorgimento, one anticipates a very high standard. The book is certainly good, and no doubt authentic—the main thing—about an infinite variety of things one ought to know about. It is also very readable. Yet I thought it not over-so, from the point of view of the general reader. It is in fact not a social history, in the more 'superficial' sense; and does not contain very much about the details of life in the various classes and professions, what things actually looked like, or what clothes people wore, or what they ate. It is in fact barely distinguishable from an economic history. It lays great emphasis on the condition of the agricultural labourer and the farmer and the yeoman. The evolution of our somewhat communist system of open fields into the more modern private enclosures is traced with constant and meticulous detail. Neither are urban industries by any means neglected. The old story of the Industrial Revolution of last century is told again, though with consummate skill. Early histories were usually paeans of almost unrestrained praise for the advances in locomotion and industry. Later works have tended to quote voluminously about the horrors of early Victorian factories, slums and drains. Trevelyan has very wisely refrained from going over a lot of this ground again. But he has attempted to give a summing up with the aid of statistics. This balanced summing up and the figures quoted are most valuable for those who are seriously interested in the impact of industrialisation. I feel now that I have more shot and shell to combat industrial super-enthusiasts; and also writers like Arthur Bryant whose attractive style is apt to carry away the unwary into unwarranted regrets for the old, green England, where there was plenty of work at fourteen hours a day without the embarrassment of new-fangled machinery. A serious omission in the book is any attempt to tell us of the comparative value of money. A table of incomes for the various social classes is quoted from Gregory King (1688). A Lancashire cotton spinner whom I encountered in a train suggested multiplying these figures by five. Gregory King gives £280 a year for a 'gentleman's' family, and £60 for a 'military officer', so this is perhaps about right. There is not much mention of the evolution or decline of Christmas festivities in the book, nor indeed of the

6

champion of the Big English Christmas, Charles Dickens. Since chapters are headed Chaucer's, Shakespeare's, Defoe's, Johnson's, Cobbett's England, perhaps one might reasonably have been called Dickens' England.

The author, I suppose, is what would be called a good old-fashioned Liberal. Though as a fact there are few indications of political bias or preference in this work. Trevelyan does not grow heated over the activities of either mediaeval or later landlords and enclosers. There is also an absence somehow of a modern social outlook. The work ends with the death of The Queen; yet there is perhaps not enough reference to the rise of modern collectivist views. On the other hand, I feel that a note at the end has betrayed the author into a somewhat sentimentalist view, which does not appear to be very accurate. He says that Waterloo was not won on the playing fields of Eton, but upon the village greens. Yet the Duke of Wellington described his army as being composed of the 'scum of the earth'. It is well established that the private soldiers of that time were not recruited from the ordinary working class, but from a submerged population which had largely got into trouble over drink and women, or both; and the officers were at that period the products of the great Public Schools. He also implies that the flyers of the R.A.F. have come mainly from elementary and secondary schools. Yet these pilots are surely largely of the Public School type.



'Our revered railway companies'

SOCIAL SECURITY

THE Social Security League has had a triumph. Founded at the time of the unsatisfactory debate on the Beveridge Report, it has suffered many ups and downs. The Government's attitude to the Beveridge Report has been curious. The debate in February 1943 strongly suggested that the Government wished to turn down many of the proposals, and Beveridgeites became unpopular in orthodox Government circles. Later, at a by-election, Mr. Willink went so far as to claim that the Government would out-Beveridge Beveridge. Now the White Paper, whilst not doing that, accepts most of Sir William's ideas. The main differences are, perhaps, that the Government does *not* accept the principle of the abolition of Want, and has increased Old Age Pensions at the cost of reducing the Children's Allowances from 8s. to 5s. A columnist in the *Daily*

Mail now condescends, 'Beveridge has made good'. Sir William's speech in the House was certainly a great encouragement to his supporters and a nasty shock to his detractors, both overt and concealed. Members of the Social Security League, who have sometimes been coldshouldered as unprofitable cranks, are now getting nothing but smiles, and the League's offices have been almost overwhelmed with bags of correspondence. Though the *Daily Express*, per William Barclay, still tries to frighten the nation by suggesting that the plan means that existing taxation would have to be continued until the end of time. The League's success owes much to the efforts of Mrs. Barbara Wootton, the economist, who has acted as Chairman, to Mrs. Joan Clarke, the Secretary, and to such others as Sir Ronald Davison, the eminent Civil Servant and expert on social questions, and Mr. Hugh Molson the Tory Reform M.P. for the High Peak Division of Derbyshire.

'SERVICE'

TEMPERS in this country are getting more and more frayed over the restrictions placed on British exports *vis-à-vis* those of the United States; the little or no help vouchsafed to British newspapers and periodicals threatened by a U.S. invasion; the capture of liberated Europe by U.S. films; the threat of U.S. Television sets; and last but not least, the threat to the British mercantile marine and civil aviation. Brigadier General A. C. Critchley, the Director-General of B.O.A.C., must have been in terrific form the other night at the meeting organised by the Royal Aeronautical Society. He perorated, 'In America service means servility; and they have no real idea of service for the passenger as we understand it. We shall beat the Americans in the air without the slightest doubt. We shall beat him because we know how to look after our customers better than he does, and we have the men to do it. There is not that particular class in the American's make-up. They all want to be President after selling newspapers.' The speech has since been repudiated by the President of the Royal Aeronautical Society.

SENTENCE!

'ONE Minister who is slipping badly is Major Gwilym Lloyd George. Inside view of him on all sides is that he has not produced the coal and has not pacified the industry.'—

Sunday Pic.

THE MILLERS EXPOSED

THE *Daily Mirror* has made a most courageous exposé of the millers.

'Powerful flour-milling companies control the Ministry of Food's policy regarding the nation's bread, it is alleged in today's *Medical Press and Circular*.

'"The Minister, Colonel Llewellin, is accused of trying to mislead the public into believing that white bread—the writer calls it 'wheat offal'—is better than wholemeal bread.

'"Both accusations were denied by the Ministry last night."

'The *Medical Press* says: "The apologies indulged in whenever the national loaf is mentioned, and the persistent propaganda in favour of white flour, have led some nutritionists to the conclusion that the Ministry is in the hands of the milling interests.

'"Perhaps it is. In any event, one cannot fail to contrast its publicity with that of the B.B.C., on which a few days ago the Radio Doctor said:

It's time white bread went the way of the tight corset, the ten petticoats, and the penny-farthing bicycle.

'"That is the sort of thing the Minister of Food ought to be saying, but won't.

'"It is perhaps natural that a Minister would be disposed to pander to the public, but it is unpardonable that he should attempt to mislead it."

'Pointing out that vitamins necessary to national health which exist in whole-meal bread are extracted when the flour is made white, the article continues:

'"When supplies and shipping permit, we may be sure that white flour of the very first 'quality' and of practically no nutritive value will reappear."

'The paper does not suggest that the white loaf should be abolished. It would be enough, it states, if people would eat wholemeal bread once a day—preferably at breakfast.

'But that little is vital. The abundant animal protein of pre-war days may have passed into history, in which event we shall need every ounce of wheat germ (contained only in whole-meal bread) that we can procure.'

MERRY BRITAIN?

ANOTHER courageous article is in the *Evening Standard*, by our old friend, Bucky Taylor, which he has entitled 'Why Should They Come to Britain?'

'Somebody is making a bad guess about the prospects of tourists flocking to Britain after the war. Talk of a revenue of anything from £1,000,000 to £100,000,000 a year is utter nonsense—unless there is something in the nature of a revolution in ideas of hospitality.

'Why should foreigners, or people from the Dominions and the Americas, come here for pleasure?

'Most people travel for pleasure, change, relaxation, and freedom of action. In England, Scotland and Wales, not to mention Northern Ireland, the visitor may get only a change.

'Then there is our weather and its world-wide reputation. Other places in the world have climates equally

The kill-joy's idea of a 'bottle party'. Actually a bottle party is usually a most sedate affair. Freeborn Englishmen are, however, driven to this shift to get round idiotic laws

eccentric and exacting, but none has the doubtful advantage of being exploited by Hollywood.

'Nearly every American film involving London is projected through sinister mists and sometimes fog. Every place on the European continent is pictured in hues of gold and blue. This is a form of notoriety we must counteract by propaganda.

'Our climate is not, however, the worst of it! Our varied and archaic prohibitions crop up everywhere. We have the Lord's Day Observance Acts, the variegated licensing laws, applied locally in regard to times of opening and closing, police regulations differing in nearly every town and city. What is permitted in one seaside resort is forbidden in the next.

'I once took a mixed party of twenty people to Folkestone to mark the opening of the season. On the first day the guests were taken by motor car all over the surrounding countryside to display what Folkestone had in the way of *environs*. That was all right for Saturday. But Sunday presented a difficulty.

'For that day the municipal guide had but one attraction; a day trip to Boulogne!

'More than 2,000 people elected the trip to Boulogne, enjoyed the wide-open freedom of the port, indulged in the mild gambling at the *boule* tables, a choice of some 40 restaurants, drank cheap but good wine, bought souvenir trinkets and picture postcards, and returned several thousands of pounds lighter than when they left Folkestone.

'My task on the Sunday evening was to give my guests a good time. To that end an exceptionally fine dinner was provided, and when we moved into the lounge-cum-dance salon we were ready to round off a jolly evening.

'The salon was inhabited largely by knitters of pink wool, the dance floor was covered with rugs, and the orchestra played Gilbert and Sullivan!'

WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM?

I NOTICE that if a certain case is lost in the courts all 'bottle parties' will have to close down. What I dislike about bottle parties is not what goes on there but the fact that it has been necessary to get round the law in this fantastic fashion. There is also the fact that the playing of the wicked game of poker has been declared illegal—altogether a bright prospect! The black-out has not been seriously raised yet, although the authorities have realised for months that it is of no possible military value. It has actually been raised by the German authorities on the Rhine! I am coming seriously to believe that the black-out will remain with us after the war, and in all perpetuity, under the aegis perhaps of the Lord's Day Observance Society. After all lights at night would look positively Continental.

DULLER DOLLS?

A LIVERPOOL manufacturer of dolls' faces, recently interviewed, attributes their shortage to the fact that they were formerly manufactured in Europe. The cessation of imports has given us, according to this gentleman, valuable experience in making them, of which we shall be able to make full use after hostilities. He adds that this is all to the good, since the dolls will be equipped with British features. He fears that many of the pre-war dolls' faces were very Continental.

Thus we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that the figures for immorality amongst our doll population will decline.

After which remark I think it is about time that I wished you

'Goodnight and A Merry Christmas!'

EUROPE LEFT OUT!

By the great American writer
PETER F. DRUCKER,

who reveals a great understanding of European politics

I

DURING the past few months it has gradually become clear that the Great Powers have a peace plan for Europe. It is true that this plan has grown out of pragmatic decisions on day-to-day problems rather than out of an agreement on basic policy. It is also true that many of the most important questions—questions which will demand decisions on the very day of the armistice—are still unsettled. Yet since the conference in Teheran a year ago, the grand design of Allied policy has unfolded sufficiently to allow the conclusion that the Great Powers have formed a Council for Europe—'for' rather than 'of', because the Europeans themselves will be excluded from it, or subordinated to it. Mr. Churchill's repeated promise that eventually the Continental nations will be admitted to membership in equality with the Great Powers only emphasises their present inferiority or exclusion.

It is dangerously easy to read too much into the recent actions of the Great Powers and the statements of their leaders. But on the whole they follow so consistent a pattern as to allow us to speak of a definite policy which may be summed up under four major headings. First, there is the decision to organise Europe separately instead of within a world-wide international order. This, the one point on which we know that Great Britain sided with Russia against the internationalism of the American State Department, shows clearly in the careful separation of the talks on Europe's future from the talks on the Pacific. That there were two separate conferences last year—Cairo and Teheran—could be explained with Russia's neutrality in the war against Japan, for military strategy was undoubtedly as important a subject at these conferences as was political strategy, but this explanation makes very little sense if applied to the 'security talks' between the Great Powers conducted in Washington—talks concerned exclusively with the basis of post-war organisation; yet the conference on Far Eastern and Pacific matters and the conference

PETER F. DRUCKER, *author of* The End of Economic Man *and* The Future of Industrial Man; *articles in World Review in November 1943, February and April 1944*

on European matters are kept as far apart as they were a year ago.

But the best indication of the substitution of the principle of regional for that of international or world-wide organisation is perhaps the precipitate decline of the international organisations started with such high hopes only a year or two ago. Even the U.N.R.R.A. (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) has been practically abandoned by the Great Powers, although its job would have been primarily a non-political one. Instead of directing rehabilitation according to a world-wide plan, U.N.R.R.A., as now constituted, will be merely a rationing board for American surpluses.

The next major point in the plan for Europe is that the peace is to be based on the military and economic strength of the three Great Powers who are to make all the major decisions. Instead of an international police force, there is to be a close military alliance of the three Powers, modelled on the Anglo-Russian entente. Instead of international agencies for raw-material control, such as had originally been considered seriously by Britain and the United States, there are to be accords between the Great Powers, such as the recently signed Anglo-American petroleum compact. Accords between the three Great Powers

will also decide the future international organisation of aviation and shipping. It was quite obvious at the international monetary conference at Bretton Woods last summer that the real points at issue were the currency and credit relations between America, Britain and Russia, and that the 'international' in the title of the conference was not much more than a courtesy title.

It follows from this that in the Three-Power master plan there is no room for any Continental power with an independent foreign policy. That means that the Great Powers will not allow a Europe Federation or regional federations between European countries, such as the proposed Balkan League or the Scandinavian Bloc. It also means that, in effect if not in theory, the sovereignty of all European countries is to be limited to the domestic sphere. Therefore no Great Power with an independent system of alliances is to be allowed on the Continent of Europe; all the Great Powers are to be non-European.

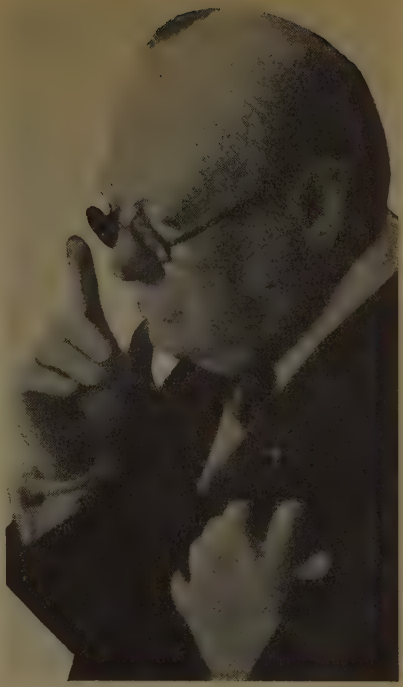
These two principles can be regarded as the real foundation for the European peace as envisaged by the Great Powers, and there is little doubt that it was the agreement on them which constituted the achievement of Teheran. Yet it is most unlikely that Continental-European regionalism and Great-Power rule will be openly acknowledged in the official peace plans. On the contrary, there is bound to be a good deal of internationalist camouflage—not only to placate the internationalists in England and America but, above all, to smooth the badly ruffled feathers of our European Allies. In fact, the 'Security Talks' between the Great Powers in Washington were clearly concerned with the finding of phrases, slogans and formulations which will sound like major concessions to internationalism while actually affirming the decisions of Teheran—it is no accident that the personnel sent by the Great Powers to these talks consisted of experienced international draftsmen and lawyers rather than of policy makers. Not all of these formulations will be as cynical as the 'international air force' proposed by Russia which is clearly nothing but a Soviet-led Foreign Legion of the Air. It is even to be expected that, by way of compensation for the lack of an international political organisation, there will be a considerable expansion of international, technical and research services modelled on the Economic Secretariat

and the Health Service of the League of Nations. But all questions of political and military security will remain firmly in the hands of the Great Powers and will be decided by them on a purely European or purely Pacific basis—however well the big stick may be hidden behind internationalist verbiage.

In marked contrast to these first two principles, the third has been openly acknowledged, particularly by Mr. Churchill: the abandonment of any ideological basis of European reconstruction. Just as the military and economic strength of the Great Powers is to be the final guarantee of peace in Europe, so is the maintenance of peace to be the final aim of all their actions, and the sole rationale of their alliance.

Hence, any European Government will be acceptable, whatever its political complexion, if it seems likely to guarantee peace. This came out sharply in the deliberate praise bestowed upon the Franco régime in Spain by Mr. Churchill. It also shows in the acceptance of Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia by England and America. Russia showed the same disregard for ideological lines in its support of Marshal Badoglio in Italy. How far this policy may be carried can be seen from Stalin's reported demand that Finland install Marshal Mannerheim as President in order to obtain an armistice. Mannerheim not only led his country into the war on the side of Germany; he also for many years led a semi-Fascist movement aimed directly at Russia. Yet the Soviet Government was apparently willing to forget and forgive because of its conviction that Mannerheim alone enjoys the support of the Finnish Army sufficiently to be able to live up to his political and military promises.

Of course this abandonment of ideological criteria does not mean that the Great Powers will always agree on the kind of government that, in a given country, is most likely to be stable and peaceful. It also does not mean that the Great Powers do not have ideological preferences or that they will exclude ideological aims from their policies. It is, for instance, quite possible that Moscow favoured Marshal Badoglio only because he was without support in Italy and thus likely to become a pawn of the Italian Communist Party. But, on the whole, the three Great Powers seem willing to subordinate ideological aims and to make recognition of any government—except perhaps in Germany—dependent only on its willingness and ability to subordinate its foreign and military policies to the peace interests of the Great Powers. And this, however much it may be denied in Washington and London, also means that the Great Powers will, on the whole, tend to



prefer an authoritarian government of military men and civil servants to one based on the fluctuating fortunes of parliamentary majorities.

Finally it has become pretty clear that by and large the Versailles borders—the 1941 borders in the case of Russia—will be the basis of the territorial settlement of Europe. With the exception of the three Baltic states incorporated in the Soviet Union, and of the City of Danzig, which will be Polish, all of the countries in existence in 1938 are to exist as autonomous units in the future, and unless the permanent dismemberment of Germany should be attempted, there will be no new states. Except for the shuffling of Polish and Prussian provinces, permanent territorial changes will be slight and in the nature of 'frontier rectifications', rather than of large-scale annexations. They will not be based on ethnical or historical principles but on considerations of strategy. And the solution of minority problems will be sought not in 'just' frontiers, but in large-scale exchange of populations.

It is also clear that Russia has been given a veto power on all territorial settlements, if only

because she alone of the Great Powers has a land frontier on the Continent and a land army ready for immediate action against disturbers of the peace.

Viewed historically, this plan is far more like that of the Holy Alliance which emerged from the Napoleonic wars than like the League of Nations; in everything pertaining to power politics it is built very much on the lines of Metternich's structure which kept peace on the Continent for thirty-three years. But instead of a political ideology—such as the Legitimism of the Holy Alliance—it makes the maintenance of order the supreme, if not the only, criterion; it is a Holy Alliance which does not want to be 'holy'.

The immediate effect of this plan has been to increase tremendously the political effectiveness of the Great Powers in Europe. Since Teheran they have been able to make immediate decisions on immediate questions and to enforce these decisions on Allies, neutrals and defeated enemies alike. At the same time, however, the moral influence of the Great Powers has been declining rapidly all over Europe as a result of the abandonment of ideology in the peace plan. We have heard a good deal in this country about the decline of American influence and prestige in France, in Italy, etc. But we have largely overlooked the fact that the moral stock of Russia and Great Britain has similarly gone down in the estimation of the European peoples.

II

There is a great deal to be said for this plan of the Great Powers. It establishes a relatively clear and unambiguous criterion of political action and decision. It is not based on the demand that any Great Powers act 'altruistically', that is, in opposition to, or disregard of, its national interests. On the contrary, it proclaims that what is best for each of the Great Powers is best for international society, and it seeks the basis of universal peace not in a subordination of the Great Powers to a world order, but in the basic peace interest of the Great Powers themselves. It frankly recognises that no political order can survive unless it is ultimately backed by superior force.

The plan also puts first what for most Europeans will come first: peace, order and a chance to pick up the shattered fragments of individual and social life. It recognises that Europe is tired and worn out to the point of complete collapse. It expresses the beliefs of the great masses of the Continental peoples in its tacit assumption that the raising of ideological issues at this time can only lead to civil war.

Finally, the plan is modest, honest and easily enforceable. It aims at 'peace in our time' rather than at the millennium. It does not pretend that the Great Powers have a common ideology when in fact they differ widely in their ideas on government and economics. It does make possible collaboration between the Great Powers on a purely pragmatic basis. It eliminates the danger that they will try to convert each other which certainly would make any peace impossible. It also eliminates the necessity for that constant interference in the internal affairs of the countries of Europe which made the Holy Alliance universally hated and which finally led to its collapse. The Great Powers, under their present plan, will not have to take sides in the struggle of factions within European countries. They will have neither to spur nor to buck basic social or political trends in Europe as Metternich had to do. They can be indifferent to European nationalism and will not have to support rival claims to territories. In other words, the Great Powers, by abandoning an ideological basis for the peace in Europe, can act efficiently and without friction for the sole aim of maintaining the peace.

But the very features which make it a very strong plan also make the Three-Power settlement a very weak one. And it is not easy to say whether the strong or the weak features will prevail.

To the abandonment of an ideological basis the Three-Power scheme owes its realism and the possibility of unity between the Great Powers. But with the ideological basis the Great Powers have voluntarily abandoned the moral leadership in Europe to which their victory over Nazism entitles them. And it is questionable whether, without such leadership, Europe can overcome the hatreds which Nazism will have left behind, and can form the stable governments without which it cannot recover.

We do not, I think, realise fully how much hatred the Nazis have succeeded in spreading all through Europe—hatred not only of the Germans but of their satellites, hatred not only of the Quislings but of all groups and classes against each other. These hatreds may be submerged for the moment in the community of resistance against the foreign oppressor. But they are bound to come out in almost every country of Europe as soon as the fighting is over, and moral and social collapse might be inevitable unless these hatreds are overcome.

Return to pre-war conditions, even if possible, would only aggravate the tensions between classes, sections and nations which threaten to atomise Europe. The only way out is to transcend

these hatreds of the past in a new common creed, a new common hope. To have given such a basis on which yesterday's enemies, particularly internal enemies, could unite as partners in a common cause, was the great achievement of Woodrow Wilson—an achievement that counterbalanced many of the weaknesses of his policy. Whether restoration and rehabilitation can provide such a common cause is rather doubtful. But without an ideological programme they are all the Great Powers can offer.

Even more serious may be the inability to give an ideological lead in the formation of new governments. For in large parts of the Continent there may be no basis on which a stable government can be formed without such a lead. Restoration of pre-war political and social conditions is clearly impossible except in Norway, Denmark, Holland and, very questionably, Czechoslovakia. As all experience has shown, there is no reason to expect the 'Democratic Revolution' which had been promised to us earlier in the war. And there is little doubt that the conservative forces of Europe have lost so heavily, both in prestige and in power, that they could rule only in a dictatorship. Europe lacks leaders; nationally known and experienced leaders do not come out of the underground—even Marshal Tito is a Russian appointee—and the pre-war leaders have lost their standing. Europe lacks standards of political morality and conduct after years of arbitrary despotism. Europe lacks economic aims and rules after years of systematic looting and war economy. Unless these foundations of government are created, the nations of Europe may well be forced into a new totalitarianism—whether nominally of the Right or of the Left would make little difference.

It might thus be essential for the very attainment of peace and order that the Great Powers are capable and willing to set up an ideal and to put the prestige of the powerful victors behind certain rules of political and social conduct. But—at least this is the way it appears to Europeans—their peace plan rests on a resignation of such moral leadership. Both Mr. Churchill's praise for General Franco and the Soviet support of Marshal Badoglio admit only of this interpretation. Apparently the Great Powers will not even enforce that most sorely needed of the Four Freedoms, Freedom from Fear. At least there has been no indication that they will insist on a restoration of *Habeas Corpus* and on the abolition of secret police, administrative tribunals and administrative detention without trial, such as have lately made their appearance in French North Africa. We have also apparently given up all intentions to encourage economic unity in Europe.

Some of our small European allies even fear that the peace plan of the Great Powers will actually prevent the establishment of any but ultra-nationalist governments by its subordination of the welfare of Europe to the interests of the great non-European powers. This comes out most strongly, perhaps, in Russia's proposal for the settlement of the Polish question which may very well lead to the worst kind of nationalism in both Poland and Germany. To give White Russia and Ruthenia to the Soviet Union, and East Prussia and Silesia to Poland, may be justified by strategic reasons, but clearly considerations of justice or welfare have nothing to do with it. Such a plan is likely to set Poland for ever against Germany by keeping alive anti-Polish sentiment in Germany and the fear of a German revenge in Poland. At the same time any Polish government is to be forced into subservience to Moscow so as to obtain concessions for the Polish nationals incorporated in the Soviet Union. In these conditions none but extremely nationalistic government should ever be acceptable to both Poles and Germans.

But the greatest danger in the abandonment of ideological principles and of moral leadership is that it may force the constructive energies of Europe into opposition to the Great Powers and their peace. And if the constructive energies of Europe cannot be organised in support of the peace, they may well be forced into a new totalitarianism—which is precisely what the Nazis will be waiting and working for. By abdicating moral leadership, the Great Powers will have largely deprived themselves of the means to counteract such a development, should it happen. For neither air superiority nor the control of raw-material supplies are effective weapons against a moral collapse.

In the final analysis, the Great Power plan aims at establishing the foundations of peace rather than peace itself. It is a plan for a long transition period—perhaps as long as ten years—out of which the new Europe is to emerge. Its strength lies in the clear recognition of the need for unity between America, England and Russia during this critical period. Its weakness is that, in order to achieve this unity, the developments in Europe itself are largely left to chance.

[*Part III will follow in January.*]

FREEDOM FROM WANT

JOAN CLARKE

'Insurance has always been accepted, not as subsistence, but as a contribution towards it.'

ERNEST BEVIN in the House of Commons

WANT will not be abolished by insurance. The Government Social Security White Paper offers a standard benefit to all income earners who are sick, unemployed or old. This standard benefit will not be enough to maintain people by itself. There is nothing inherently immoral about this if, as the Government propose, full maintenance can be procured from another source. However, it is as well to make clear what the Government scheme is and is not. Beveridge proposed to maintain incomeless persons entirely from Social Security benefit. The Government plan is to maintain them from benefit *plus assistance—as needed.*

We should not stumble forward to this altered scheme without trying to find out what social policy is being furthered. One might suppose that, in a society where the principles of planning are gradually becoming accepted, social policy would be formulated first, and machinery devised later. Here it is the other way. Inspecting the machinery, we have to guess what policy may lie behind. A broad choice of policy appears. If we want social security benefits to be enough to maintain families at a decent level, they will have to be nearly half as high again as those proposed by the Government—that is, if we mean to bring all beneficiaries well above the poverty line. But to give such high benefits to every sick, old or unemployed citizen would cost an enormous amount in contributions and taxation. Clearly, if we choose to give properly high rates to the incomeless, we cannot afford to give the same high rates to the whole population. If, on the other hand, we prefer the principle of inclusiveness—all citizens to draw out of the scheme irrespective of their current incomes—we must fix the benefits at a level which we can afford. We have to choose between giving something to all or more to some.

The Government has plumped for equality. The new scheme entitles all earners to draw full benefits if they are sick, old or unemployed. We have the very great advantage of uniformity of

MRS. JOAN CLARKE, *the expert on social problems, to whose efforts as secretary the Social Security League owes much of its success*

treatment for the rich and for the poor. At last social insurance will not be something which is done to the poor and which the rich are too superior to need. 'Having a card' or a 'panel doctor' will no longer be a sign of social inferiority. We are all going to be in the same boat, and we can make it a very good boat if we take the trouble. In choosing this solution, which is probably the best for this country, we are faced with the problem of getting benefits big enough to be adequate. The greater the coverage, the thinner the money is spread. The figures of benefit as they stand are not enough for maintenance. The Government consistently takes the Beveridge figures which assumed a rise of 25 per cent on the cost of living above 1938, but the Chancellor's Budget Statement prophesied a 33⅓ per cent rise. It is therefore clear that, even at the beginning, these figures will not be enough for maintenance. Salary earners, who probably get paid when they are sick, may find themselves getting benefit as a bonus. But they are only roughly 19 per cent of the population. The some 67 per cent wage earners whose income dries up when they are sick will find their benefit is not enough.

Mr. Bevin in the House of Commons recently discussed the proposed new rates for unemployment insurance. These rates are the same as those suggested in the Social Security White Paper. Mr. Bevin made it clear that in his view they were

in no way adequate for maintenance. He emphasised that those on benefit, whose total incomes were too slight for maintenance, would be entitled to go to the Assistance Board and automatically claim supplements. This may be cried down as a 'Means Test'. It is a pity that these words cannot be eradicated from the language. It is not necessarily an injury to declare one's income. In fact, all of us are doing it incessantly to satisfy the Income Tax man. If the Assistance Board is really going to give ample maintenance as a supplement to benefit, the scheme may work satisfactorily. Everything depends on the spirit of the Board's inquiry. This point has not been stressed in discussions of the White Paper. People believe that the benefits are supposed to be sufficient and, being clearly insufficient, are a swindle. The Government, however, is plainly planning a double-deck scheme of insurance plus assistance. We notice that they budget for assistance expenditure of £69 millions in 1945 and that this amount will stay constant for the next 20 years. Beveridge, on the other hand, budgeted for only £47 millions in 1945, which would reduce to £32 millions in 1965. He regarded assistance as a necessary method of transition to the new scheme, but eventually as a catch-pan for a few odd cases only.

'Beveridge' has now a distant, idealistic glow. The obvious flaws in the White Paper make the Beveridge Plan seem increasingly desirable. But even Beveridge failed to solve the problem of the flat-rate benefit. He calculated the proper amounts necessary to maintain full nutritional health and added sums for clothing, cleaning, miscellaneous expenses. He even added a small margin to protect the housewife from her own misjudgments. But rent defeated him. It is clear that there is no single flat-rate payment which will be sufficient to pay the necessary rents of metropolitan families, without giving a bonus to those in remote rural areas. Beveridge points out that a hypothetical 10s. weekly for rent would be 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. too much for the majority of Scottish households, but 2s. 6d. to 10s. too little for half those in London. In deference to the fixed idea of flat-rate benefit, he nevertheless included this 10s. rent element. But it is quite clear that London families would have to use their food money for rent. It is easier to starve the baby than the landlord. In this decision Beveridge over-rode suggestions laid in evidence before him. These included the proposal that there should be a maximum rent allowance fixed regionally for metropolitan, provincial urban and rural areas—this would be graded according to the size of the family. Benefit would include the low hypothetical rent figure—say 5s.—and all those paying more than this rent would be entitled to claim the difference between 5s. and their own rent or the maximum allowed, whichever were the less. Clearly, if the prime aim is to abolish poverty, something like this should be done. If we rate equality above the abolition of poverty, we must be content with the traditional flat-rate benefit. We should at least know what we are doing. In spite of the subsistence claim, the Beveridge benefits would not, because of this rent variation, give full maintenance to city dwellers. Subsistence has been sacrificed to democratic uniformity.

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, M.P., *whose maiden speech delighted his supporters*

New Zealand, on the other hand, ignores equality and concentrates on proper maintenance. Everybody contributes to the New Zealand scheme and everybody is entitled to claim benefit. However, only those whose family incomes are less than the remarkably high benefit figure will receive anything. The New Zealand Government has successfully fought a campaign against want. Minimum wages, children's allowances and social security benefits are their three-pronged weapon. Luckily the rent structure in New Zealand is more even than ours. The Government is prepared to measure the income of New Zealand families and to make up the difference between what they have and what it thinks they ought to have. Those who need it get a proper income. Those who have enough already are not thought to need a second supplementary income. Poverty is abolished, but all citizens do not share equally in the good things of the scheme. The level of the poor is raised; the rest remain untouched. Subsistence needs have triumphed over democratic equity.

Great Britain has no Minimum Wage Act. New Zealand has. This is no argument that a Minimum Wage Act could be satisfactorily passed in this country. The problem of low wages needs other treatment. But it does mean that New Zealanders are free from the problem of the 'wages-stop' which handicaps the social services today. Common sense decrees that a man should not earn more when he is sick and unemployed than when he is working. The Assistance Service is therefore frequently faced with the job of calculating what a man might be supposed to be able to earn if, hypothetically, he were working at his usual trade. This gives rise to endless difficulties both in estimating a figure and in relating cash aid to it. It is common for the Assistance Board to add up the proper allowance for a man with a wife and several children only to find that this overtops his presumed earning capacity. A piece must be chopped off the benefit. However, the wages-stop problem will dwindle when children's allowances are introduced. These will be added to the incomes of earning families. Inclusive benefit can, therefore, be at a much higher rate without infringing on potential earnings.

Children's allowances are therefore to be welcomed, not only because they will make life happier for children, but because they will enable us to give much higher rates of benefit to incomeless families. There is, curiously, no general agreement on the objections to family allowances. Beveridge thought that these should fully cover children's maintenance. He scoffs in his Report at the 5s. figure frequently proposed. The Government disagree. They think children's allowances should be no more than a 'general contribution to the needs of families with children'. The parents ought to do the rest. This may be valid for families where, through earnings or some other source, there is a steady income. The families on benefit will mostly have no other source of income; children's allowances, added to the parents' benefit, will be all that comes into the family till. Whatever the reasons for leaving children's allowances at the low rate for earners, there is an overwhelming case for raising them considerably when the family is on benefit. There are two ways of doing this without upsetting the mechanical payment of the usual 5s. through the Post Office. The first solution would be to pay about 5s. for each child to the parents' benefit when they make a claim. This would have the effect of bringing the children's allowance from 5s. to 10s. Alternatively, the allowance for the first child (who is normally to be excluded from children's allowances) could be at a greatly increased rate when the whole family is on benefit. There is a precedent for this in the Government's new Workmen's Compensation Proposals which will pay 7s. 6d. for the first child in fatal cases. At present wage rates there will be plenty of margin for this upward adjustment of children's allowances when the family goes on benefit without hitting the wages-stop. Minimum wages for agricultural workers, some of the lowest paid persons in the community, are 65s. Therefore a family of five children with the father in work, receiving 5s. allowance for four of the children, would get a total weekly income of 85s. The same family, if the father is sick, would receive 40s. for the parents' benefit and 25s. for the five children, making 65s. There is thus a margin of 20s., some of which can be taken up by increased benefit.

Children, rent, low wages, loss of earnings—these are the main causes of poverty today. The White Paper will have some effect on two of these. Rent and wages need separate measures. We have decided to distribute a little to all, rather than more to some. Those for whom the little is too little can claim a supplement. Poverty will be rolled back by slow stages. The gods of history are appeased. For an instant their citadels shook. That was when Beveridge wrote: 'A revolutionary period in the world's history is a time for revolutions, not for patching.' The Government White Paper is not a revolution. It is the logical outcome of what we now have. It will not by itself abolish want. But it will give a framework within which want could be abolished in the future—if eventually we find that that is what we mean to do.

THE THREE FACES OF LIBERATED BRUSSELS

LYDIE VAN CAUTER, British War Correspondent for *Message* (Belgian Review). Mrs. van Cauter has been on the staff of *Message* since 1942. During the liberation of Belgium she left for Brussels, and visited the Belgian troops at the front

SUCH frenzied scenes accompanied the sudden liberation of Belgium that the population seemed to have been seized with a sort of collective madness. The English in the north of the country, and the Americans in the south, were literally stripped of their badges. Women made heterogeneous collections of them, and wore them on their sleeves. A kind of competition was organised among families to entertain the soldiers either at home or at restaurants. The choicest dishes were prepared; bottles of old wine were brought out of their hiding places. In towns gay with bunting, the entire population, forgetting that the Germans had not yet been completely driven out of the country, and that shells were still falling on Antwerp and the Campine, celebrated the German retreat without restraint or foresight.

All this has been told in detail. We will not go over it again. We would only add that the wild scenes of 1918 were nothing compared with those which have just taken place. The rejoicings today have a much more popular character than they had then and, curiously enough, the dominant element in these rejoicings is *not* inordinate and uncontrolled hatred of the Germans and their collaborators. It is *joy*, full and complete, with no political *arrière pensée* whatever. All the past has vanished at a single stroke. The moral sufferings of the people, and their terror of the sound of the doorbell, had both reached such a point, and the liberation was so swift that, at the moment when it happened, there was room for nothing but joy. The people knew, of course, that the guilty would be punished all in good time. Sure that the punishment would be carried out this time, the people began by rejoicing, but they will not forgive those responsible if this certainty is betrayed. That is why these days have not been marked by those painful scenes in which, during the general excitement, summary justice blindly attacks the citizens rightly or wrongly suspected of having been in league with the enemy. The people have not taken their own revenge, but they expect the judges to do their duty without delay or pity.

We have heard hosts of stories of the tricks which our countrymen played on the Germans.

The most typical was certainly the trick with the bogus *Soir* newspapers. *Le Soir* was the Belgian newspaper with the largest circulation before the war, and a handful of traitors continued to publish it under German protection. One day a group of patriots secretly printed a bogus *Soir*, full of articles attacking the Germans and the collaborators, and praising the victories and the war effort of the Allies—all of this under the signature of the collaborators themselves!

Le Soir was distributed at 3.30 p.m. Thus the bogus papers had to be distributed to the usual newspaper sellers, who were quite unsuspecting, a little before 3.30; and the patriots had asked the English to make a raid on Brussels at about 3 p.m. The alert was to give the signal for the camouflaged lorries, painted like the genuine ones, to set out; and the papers were to be distributed while the men employed at the printing works were in the shelters.

Unfortunately, someone made a mistake in the day! At 3.20 there had still been no alert. But the head of the expedition gave the signal, and the papers were distributed, five minutes before the real *Soir* arrived. Near the Porte de Namur, the newsvendor at the kiosk in the Rue du Bastion did not notice the trick until the arrival of the official *Soir*.

'The real or the bogus one?' he at once asked his clients. For the real *Soir* it was the usual few centimes, but the price of the bogus one jumped to 30 francs (3s.). The next day at the Brussels Bourse it was 1,000 francs (£8). The black market spirit exacted its rights while the Germans danced with rage. The newsvendor in the Rue du Bastion seemed to have been put in prison; so was a page boy at the Palace Hotel, who in perfect good faith distributed 50 bogus *Soirs* to the German officers staying there. Their fury when they realised the trick is more easily imagined than described. We have even a few of these famous newspapers in London.

Shortly after the liberation, the Belgian Government returned to Brussels.

In accordance with the programme broadcast

'The Master Race' leaves Brussels Photograph from the Brussels newspaper *Le Soir*

from London by the Prime Minister on 21 July 1943, at the instigation of our countrymen who had remained in Belgium, the Cabinet appeared before the Chambers. They listened to the report by M. Pierlot, the Prime Minister, and appointed as Regent of the Kingdom Prince Charles, brother of King Leopold III, who was taken as prisoner to Germany the day after D-Day. Everything was done with the most perfect order and discipline. After several consultations, M. Pierlot, who had the firm intention of handing over office to one of the persons who had directed the resistance in Belgium during the war, was obliged to form the new Government. This Government, which seems perfectly balanced, contains representatives of all the political parties, including the Communists.

So we come to the second phase of the return: *the second face* of Belgium and of Brussels.

On the morning of Saturday, 7 October, the *Journal Officiel* published the decrees ordering all citizens to declare their holdings of bank notes; all those over 100 francs were cancelled. But each person was entitled every month to 2,000 francs' worth of new bank notes in exchange for 2,000 francs' worth of old ones! All through the war the franc has been at 123 to the £; the new rate has been fixed at 176 francs to the £. Thus from this moment onwards every Belgian citizen has only a sum equivalent to about £11 each month. One can easily imagine the effect of such a radical measure on a population which had been living in such an overheated atmosphere that it had no thought even for the most immediate future.

At a single stroke our countrymen were plunged into the unknown. A brief period of fluctuation was at once followed by almost unreserved approval. Indeed, the nation had understood that this sensational innovation was the only means of striking a direct blow at all those who, taking advantage of the misfortunes of their country, had amassed fortunes which cried to heaven for vengeance. The notes in circulation had risen from 50 to 185 milliard francs during the occupation. The country could not simply ratify this fact. The boldness of the measure bore fruit immediately. The most important result for the population was the disorganisation of the black market. Thus essential foodstuffs, the distribution of which it had not yet been possible to organise owing principally to the lack of means of communication, ceased to be generally available. Here we must enter into tiresome details to explain how this happened. The important point is that the reason

Field-Marshal Montgomery visits M. van de Meulebroeck, Burgomaster of Brussels *Le Soir*

why the Germans have suffered very little shortage owing to the war was largely because they had all the resources of Europe at their disposal, which they drew upon for themselves, leaving only a minimum of foodstuffs for the populations of the occupied countries. To prevent their goods being seized, producers hid them, and sold them secretly, at extreme risk, to 'smugglers' and 'dealers in contraband'—as they were called here. These persons—workmen, employees, country people working in the towns—took small quantities of produce every day and resold them at a profit which allowed them to keep part for their personal use. The goods passed from one middleman to another, and the last purchaser to obtain them paid the exorbitant prices of which we have heard, while a considerable number of humbler people found in them a means of subsistence. This is the trade which has disorganised the drastic financial measures. Thus the people in the towns, who had used up all their reserves during the days of rejoicing, found themselves faced next day with a bare larder, with no smugglers to bring them the usual provisions, and no money to pay for problematical supplies.

Towards the end of October the food situation was growing more and more grave every day, and there was serious anxiety for the immediate future. The large towns were without fats and meat, and there seemed no remedy without the help of the English or the Americans. At the moment of writing, an important step has been taken, and the future looks less dark.

A little later the financial measures were completed. The amount of the bank accounts existing on 9 May 1940, was unblocked. In addition, 10% of accounts subsequent to 9 May 1940, could be withdrawn in several instalments. The results of the whole operation have just become known.

There have been 625,000 declarations of notes of a value of more than 100,000 francs (but this is not yet confirmed). This has certainly given rise to a lot of amusing incidents.

People who did not want to declare what they had, left bank notes under benches in cafés, in trams, in shops. Some even distributed their banknotes to passers-by; others set fire to them in the street.

It is estimated that 10% of the notes in circulation have not been declared. Some people believed that the old notes would be put into circulation again, or might be passed fraudulently.

Thus, so as to be ready for any eventuality, certain people declared more notes than they really possessed, and are now searching for the amount to make it up. The clandestine rate is ten old notes to one new one; the authorised amount for withdrawal from the bank is a maximum of 10%. Thus it is clear that the authorities have strong opposition to deal with, and that great firmness will be needed. The habit of clandestine struggle against the German authorities has left its mark.

As for general morality, we must hope that the return to liberty will quickly make our fellow citizens lose the habit of secret trading, concealment and trickery. The young people have not escaped. We were told a story of a youngster of 14 who managed to 'buy' the questions at a coming examination from his professor for a pound of coffee. Not content with this success, the boy re-sold the questions to one of his schoolfellows for two pounds of coffee!

This is the drama that our people have been living through since the delirious days of The Liberation.

Then the 'people from London' arrived, and here we see the *third face* of the country.

After the Ministers and some high officials, who followed them a few days later, the exiles began to flock back to the capital. Certain of them are already back in London, some to wind up their affairs, others to continue the work of contact and cultural and commercial exchange begun during their exile. All agree in saying that what struck them most at home was an incredible thirst for *information*. For more than four years, often at the risk of their lives, our countrymen were hanging over wireless receivers, listening to all the news from London, America, and the Congo. De Laveleye, the inventer of the 'V' sign, the Belgian Speaker at the B.B.C., is certainly far and away the most popular exile. He is in Brussels now, as Minister of Public Instruction. You cannot imagine how often he is stopped in restaurants, in the street, everywhere—'Why, it's You! I've met You at last! How you kept up our morale! Without You we should have drifted.' Yet, in spite of this, one of the things which strikes you most in Belgium is the intellectual isolation from which our countrymen have suffered. And this proves how insufficient the wireless is, even for current information. It can never replace the press—that is clear today. Wherever we go, among whatever kinds of people, we who do the shuttle service between London and Brussels are begged to *bring back books and periodicals*, as many as we can, and more. All the Belgians who have been abroad are pressed on all sides to write what they know of England and the world. People are clamouring to know what are the great social and political currents which are emerging; what are the principles which will serve as the foundation for peace; what are the relations between England and Russia outside the conduct of the war. But what they are most anxious to know is, what is to be expected of American policy as regards Europe, and still more, *what is to be expected of English policy?* One question is on all lips: 'Have they understood this time?' Our countrymen on their side are beginning to understand the extent of the war effort made by England. They knew that it was enormous, but the material that they have seen passing in pursuit of the Germans has literally confounded them. One remembers the same astonishment in 1918 in similar circumstances. Nor do they seem to have been adequately informed of the part that women are playing. Thus the first contingent of A.T.S., which arrived in Brussels after the city had calmed down again, was received with redoubled enthusiasm. When they are told of women's work in factories, and of the part which all are playing in the war industry, they have some difficulty in picturing the real situation, for they have at once in mind the difference between the part which the population, both men and women, have played in the free and in the occupied countries. While English men and women had to *work* to win the war, in Belgium *one had not to work*. While in England people worked unostentatiously but with firmness and courage, in Belgium nearly always they had just to pretend to be working, and often to destroy one day what they had done the day before. And this negative rôle makes a painful impression, especially on the Belgians who are such good workers, so careful and methodical. Thus, before coming back to London, we were assailed with questions which it was impossible to answer. When shall we be able to import raw materials? When shall we have tools, machinery? How are the convoys going? What can we manufacture straight away? What state will our 500,000 deported citizens, and our 80,000 prisoners, be in when the Germans send them back? One can feel that the population has been seized once more with a feverish desire to work, and that no one wants to sit twiddling his thumbs a day longer. All the more so since industrial equipment is almost intact, and the port of Antwerp, whose liberation is expected every day, has not suffered, thanks to the immediate action of the secret army which prevented the Germans from

At the Palais de la Nation, Prince Charles, the new Regent (and brother of King Leopold), takes the oath to the Constitution. On the right are his mother, Queen Elizabeth, and the Cardinal Van Roey *Le Soir*

destroying it before they left. The two great locks, including that at Kruiskans, are also intact, and these are the most important points in the port. Unfortunately, there are the railways. They are in an indescribable state. Everything is rusty, worn out or broken—engines, coaches, rails, shunting yards and marshalling yards. It is unparalleled disaster. There is no way of getting from Brussels to Antwerp except on foot, or by begging a lift in an army lorry, or on a bicycle. Even in Brussels communications are terribly bad. Trams are extremely few and irregular. Passengers cling all over them like a swarm of bees. There are even passengers on the roofs. It is a mystery how they manage to cling on, and how their weight does not break the roof in. There is only electricity in the city from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. Thus, lifts do not work during the day, which means that if you have business at the office of some authority, most of your time is spent hanging on to a tram and walking up and down stairs. As for gas (when there is any), the flame is only an eighth of an inch high; but here the habit of playing tricks on the Germans gave one of our friends an 'idea'. He has had a little electric force pump installed in his cellar on the gas main. When there is any electric current it works the pump which forces all the available gas into its pipe, to the probable detriment of the neighbours!

Everywhere events are awaited with anxiety. The small army which we re-formed in England has its place at the front, commanded by Colonel Piron, who also has Canadian and American units under his orders. I saw them in action in the front line, proud to be able to continue the struggle while the others are getting ready.

The others? Those whom the Government is calling to the colours, and those who were enrolled in the forces of resistance. But here we come up against another problem, neither easier nor less urgent than the others. This is the future of the secret armed forces, some recognised by the Government, others still independent, neither of them yet incorporated in the regular national army. There is resistance on the part of certain groups, and there are also certain abuses which it is time to end. The peasants have sometimes found themselves at variance with these groups, and painful conflicts have arisen, for it was not always easy to find out whether the seizures of goods were made in the interest of the general good. Other groups have done immense service, like those who saved the port of Antwerp. In any case, law must begin to reign once more, and no one must be able to escape his obligations as defined by the regular authority.

For four years the Belgians have made it their duty to struggle against the authority established by the occupying forces. They have returned to their ancestral habits of passive resistance in the open and active resistance under cover. Now that heroic period is ended. They must forget it, if they are to submit to regular obedience: to lose the habit of trickery and lying. It will not be easy, but the need of returning to a regular life, of forgetting violence and trickery, will only be the more noble for that.

We are certain that, with their proverbial wisdom and good sense, our countrymen will succeed in doing this, happy, perhaps, to return little by little to normal life which, after all, in our friendly and industrious country is not without charm.

MALTESE STILL IN CAVES!

JOSEPHINE BURNS DE BONO, the well-known Maltese journalist

It's a good job that the sun shines in the little blitzed island of Malta; nothing else does! Two years of freedom from blitz hasn't meant a Reilly plan for Malta. There's not a single sign that any sort of housing plan for this brave people will even be drawn up until the war with Japan is well into the history books, and the Peace of Paris has sent us all home again.

The Maltese housewives have learned that it's not the slightest use making a fuss. Any complaint that present living conditions are not what they should be might be regarded as detrimental to the war effort . . . and 'war effort' is just two words that Maltese have got graven on their hearts. They know that 'the matter is being considered', which is colony slang for *mañana*, so today in the George Cross Island one of the most striking sights is Malta's Shanty-Town.

It's a spontaneous growth. When bombs hurtled down on the tiny island, nine by fourteen, there just wasn't anywhere for women and children to be evacuated to, so they stayed right there and 'took it.' When Junkers blasted their stone-built homes to smithereens, there was no material available to put up temporary buildings, and no room in congested villages to take in refugees. Besides, what the hell! Anywhere on the island was equally dangerous, so practical Maltese, realising that the powers that were, were all het up winning medals, set to and dug their own way to salvation. Yes, indeed. Malta's capital city, the historic amber-rock, stone-built Valetta is partially surrounded by a dry moat called the Ditch. Here Authority itself went to earth in the long-ago of the daily and nightly blitz, and here, too, the people blitzed out of their Valetta homes got permission to dig into the walls of the living rock that rises more than a hundred feet sheer from the tree-bordered and shadowy Ditch that stretches from Marsamuscetto Harbour to the quayside of the Grand Harbour.

Oleanders, bright with crimson, pink and white blossoms, scruffy schumakers, tamarisks, and sheer weed all play their part in filling up the Ditch, which is nothing if not unhealthy, and used in days bygone to be a quiet walk for cuddlesome lovers.

Troglodyte villages sprang up everywhere that sheer wall of rock, capped by an historic bastion, reared itself against the hard blue sky. Slave-dug by prisoners of war captured by the galleys of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem who ruled Malta in the long ago, these sheer rocks offered home plus shelter for the victims of modern war and modern economic systems.

After work father, mother, Toni, Paulu and all just turned to and dug in the softish lime-stone rock, until a room some ten feet by ten, with a narrow opening, and a blast wall, was dug. Then they moved in. No choice. Besides, here they could sleep o' nights during the worst raids. Daytime, mother turned the family out of doors. Life went on in the open.

Pukka Naval Officers off U.S. ships in Valetta harbour are still amused to see the open-air life of Malta's Shanty-Town as they pass on their way to make formal visits in Malta's underground 'nerve-centres' further long.

Salvaging nothing at all from blitzed houses, furniture is made out of old soap-boxes. Usually the cave contains family bedding, very neatly arranged, possibly family bed, pride of the bride, still polished to the nines and covered with clean white quilt. Sheets may be stitched floor-sacks, blankets old sacking, but everything is clean. Mother sees to that. For her, it's a perpetual washday. In the centre of the Ditch, near the Great Tunnel where thousands lived-in during the blitz and siege, are communal washing places, latrines and laundries. Mother prefers to carry the water home.

Scrub-scrub-scrub in the sunshine, with no boiler, no washing-machine, very little rationed soap, no wringer, no iron—that's the order of the day. No lighting, no ventilation, plus no drains!

Cooking gets itself done on a wood fire, or a battered Primus stove, and the family rations are kept in a soap-box cupboard. It's luck indeed if there are cups to go round.

An occasional fresh egg is got from the chickens in the coop, which is a feature of all these shanty-homes.

Sometimes there's an outside lean-to, making another room. This is 'built' of flattened-out petrol tins, any bits of board handy, and precious little stone. Awnings are arranged to keep off sun and flies. Families have passed three summers and two winters in these ten-by-tens. Babies have been conceived and born in them; old folks, and young children too, have died in them; families have loved and squabbled and lived in them. My, when a squabble starts, all the Ditch takes part,

and hair gets pulled! But mother is not often impatient. She has time for little else than trying to bring up eight or ten children under these conditions.

Distinguished visitors come to G. C. Island to see the ruins of famous Valetta: the women among them especially go away with a memory of Malta's Shanty-Town—off the record.

People have no choice. Asking my many friends who live in Shanty-Town why they don't move, answers were divided: 'No place to go to.' 'Can't afford bus-rates and high rent if we live far out.' 'Prefer to stay where we are until the War Damage Commission pays up compensation on our blitzed Valetta house, repairs it, or allows us to do so, and we can go back.'

Ten million pounds voted by the British Parliament to tidy up Malta is being so carefully directed away from housing that Shanty-Town seems to have come to stay.

Meanwhile, tuberculosis cases, new ones, continue to come in, and Malta's infant mortality rate in 1941 was over the three hundred per thousand mark.

The reason for Shanty-Town is alleged scarcity of builders, skilled labourers, etc., who have been conscripted into the Forces. Forces say they release and release, only to have workers snapped up by big concerns, service and civil contractors. Scarcity of building materials also is alleged to militate against Malta having any new housing scheme at present for workers. Malta's houses are stone-built, indigenously quarried by hand. Imports necessary included joists, wood, glass, etc. Yet gaff is blown by the fact that in George Cross Island *six great palatial new cinemas have been built and opened in the past year*, for which ample materials and labour were available. A million tons of cement also lies in Malta's warehouses.

The people of George Cross Island continue to rot in Shanty-Town.

This child was born in a shelter during Malta's blitz. Father is serving in the Navy. Mother, grandmother and sisters keep smiling through

6

WHY WAS MR. CURTIN BEATEN?

JAMES VANCE MARSHALL, J.P.

Chairman of Abbey Division of the Westminster Labour Party. A native of New South Wales, began his political activities in the Australian Labour Movement

At this critical juncture in the history of British Imperial relationships, the trend of Australia's politics is of peculiar interest.

Australia is a land of seven parliaments. The Federal Parliament legislates for Australia as a whole. The function of the six State Parliaments, i.e. of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania, are more parochial but still extremely well defined.

Now has loomed up the problem of pending post-war reconstruction in the Greater Australia sphere. The Prime Minister, John Curtin, has definite ideas concerning this. To make his dreams materialise he needed greater powers for his Federal Government. He made out a case and presented it to the leaders of the State Parliaments. Though it meant the sacrifice of a part of their own authority, they promised the plan their backing. It rang true. It has the 'Made in Australia' brand on it. Also John Curtin's popularity was great. As attested at the polls, the country had faith in him. He was known as 'Honest Jack'. The decision in favour of granting him the power he desired was as good as 'in the bag'. All that was needed was ratification by popular vote. With such a backing as the blessing of 'Honest John Curtin', the eventual passage of the Bill was considered to be almost in the bag.

Then, on a rush visit pending the holding of necessary referendum, Prime Minister Curtin came to England. For long he had declined to make such a trip. Why, it was not clearly known. Some said that it was because he was too democratic to want to hobnob with the political aristocracy of the Old Dart.

Be that as it may, he came. In secret sessions he rubbed shoulders with the mighty. In public, to the astonishment of many, he declared himself to be a pronounced Anglophile. He was anti-last-war. Here he talked imperially. He was presented with the freedom of cities. He was fêted. He was accorded a marvellous press.

Then, hurriedly, he returned to Australia to father into being the desired Amendment to the Constitution. More than ever now it was the dream child of his heart. It was to aid him in making the schemes materialise for the Pacific Zone that he had outlined, now possibly added to and somewhat altered in hush-hush committees while abroad. It was to empower him to build a brave new world of somewhat complicated architecture 'Down Under'.

Back home, fresh from his English triumphs, he waited for the big majority of electors who had voted him and his Labour Government into power to give the Bill its support. It still seemed as though the granting of the wanted powers would be purely automatic—that, as at the elections, John Curtin would win the day hands down.

The day came. Australian electors, compulsorily, went to the polling booths. They cast their vote. The unexpected happened. It was against any alteration to the Constitution being made. John Curtin had met his Waterloo.

There is far more in this rebuff to the Australian Prime Minister by the Australian people than at first meets the eye. It is history repeating itself. In the last war the Prime Minister of Australia was William Morris Hughes. He was also a Labour leader. He visited England. Here, so H. G. Wells wrote at the time, he was 'advertised like a brand of soap as a saviour of Empires.' As such he was lauded, entertained and banqueted. He actually slept one night in Buckingham Palace. In a public speech he committed himself to the introduction of conscription of Australia for Army Service overseas. Returning to Australia, he launched a nation-wide campaign to achieve this end. Put to the vote at a referendum, the conscription proposal met with a crushing defeat. With the laurels of greatness given him in England still unwithered on his brow, Australia forced its home-coming Prime Minister to bite the dust.

The case of Prime Minister Menzies makes later reading. It is a portion of the political history of this war. He was welcomed at Westminster as the Strong Man of Australia. He was the paragon

Labour leader W. M. HUGHES, P.M. *in last war. Visited England, where 'advertised like a brand of soap.' Slept Buckingham Palace. Had poor reception on return*

Prime Minister MENZIES, *hailed in England in this war as Paragon of Imperial Statesmanship. After return to Australia ousted from office*

JOHN CURTIN, *in English bowler hat, arriving for recent meeting of Commonwealth Premiers. Just defeated in Australia*

of Imperial Statesmanship. His speeches had front page mention in the English national press. It was urged, and this by people who mattered, that he stay here for the duration as a member of the War Cabinet.

He, too, went back to Australia. But there he was accorded no right royal welcome home. There he was not acclaimed as an outstanding Native Son. In his own land he did not find waiting for him the spotlight of any glory reflected from London. Waiting for him were only humiliation and defeat. Within a few short weeks he had been ousted from the Prime Ministership.

This consistent lessening of Australia's confidence in her Prime Ministers while they are visiting England is no mere political coincidence. It is rooted in a deep suspicion that, for forty years or more, had been implanted in the mind of the Australian as a whole. He is fearful of being 'ruled from Downing Street.' Then he is always suspicious of his politicians when they come to England. Past happenings have led him to assume that when in London they roll out the red carpets for Commonwealth representatives, the red carpets always win.

Getting back to the 'ruled from Downing Street' catch-phrase—dangled as a bogey, however ostentatiously, before the electorate, it has played a tremendous part in developing the character of Australian politics. Its subtle use has proved to be a far more powerful weapon in the hands of an alleged labour 'agitator' than all the solid logic of Trade Union propaganda. Somehow the Australian worker has come to link the possibility of 'rule from Downing Street' and Big Business together. To him they are a couple of ogres who walk hand in hand.

However socialistic his ideology, the Australian is an individual at heart. He feels that it is as a unit he counts. He wants to be master in his own house—his own homeland. He resents intensely any suggestion of outside domination. Since its inception, the Australian Labour Party has cashed in on this sentiment—and how! At present five out of the seven Australian Parliaments are controlled by Labour Party majorities. With the single exception of Victoria, for Labour to be in the minority in any section of the Commonwealth constitutes an abnormal state of political affairs.

There is no good gained by obscuring the fact that deep in the heart of Australia there is a strong Republican sentiment. Officially its existence is *sub rosa*. It is not given newspaper publicity by any section of the press. Even radical politicians will play it down when once election to parliament gives them a tie-up with the magic letters O.H.M.S.

It is no new development. A dual loyalty has always been a difficult outlook for a very isolated land like Australia to maintain. The slogan of the Australian is not 'St. George and Merry England' —it is 'Australia First!'

Tokens of this attitude of mind have been frequently manifested. The substitution of a kangaroo for the royal head on postage stamps by the first Commonwealth Labour Government to take office was one. The two devastating defeats at the polls of the proposals to introduce compulsory military service to assist England in her European wars had a significance not easy to minimise. The 1933 War Debt Repudiation policy of the New South Wales Government under Premier J. T. Lang was openly an anti-English move. The dropping of Pilot Menzies when he returned armed with blueprint charts prepared in England was the action of a very much unhidden hand in Australian politics. The recall of her army back to Australia when Singapore fell, exemplified the spirit of 'Australia First!' And now comes the snub to Prime Minister John Curtin, the one man in Australia to whom had been entrusted the secrets of England's post-war Empire policy. He has been greeted back home by his compatriots with a refusal of the power to implement the plans he has in mind for an Australia of the future. They were good plans before he took them in his portfolio to Westminster. Now Australians suspect them of having become 'blimp-tainted'. They smack of Downing Street.

The Australian is a realist. His parents and grandparents were realists. All pioneers are. The Australian knows the map of the southern hemisphere. He knows his exact military, economic and geographical position in the pattern of world affairs and, when he thinks of Europe these days, somehow to him the old 'two hearts that beat as one' refrain has taken on a somewhat hollow ring. Actions of a people speak louder than politicians' words.

6

LIBERATION OF COLOUR

WINIFRED DACRE

WHAT does the man who is not an artist want to know about colour? He likes colour; likes it bright when he is cheerful, sober for work in his office, and new when it is a fresh variety of sweet pea. He knows all about colour, and what he likes, and what he dislikes. Music—that is different! If he is musical, he can hum, 'God save the King', and recognise 'The Marseillaise'. If he isn't musical, he can't, and leaves music to the musicians.

Yet there is a Music of Colour—an Art of Colour which is to artists as scientific as the theory of Musical Harmony. It is so new that few people, except those who are creating it, are aware that it exists. It is abstract, and related to no recognisable objects. It is universal as a medium, and powerful for the expression of thought and emotion. It is dynamic, in that there is a far-reaching future ahead of it—a future of unexplored possibilities. Any reader who wants to know more of it, read on. Those who prefer to use their eyes, and trust their eyes alone (and are they not the wisest?), turn to the pictures we have reproduced. Look at them, and read no further. But for those readers who like words, read on—follow me.

To begin with, I must tell you that there are no words for colours—a few flower names, a few jewel names. That is all, and quite inadequate to convey the myriad shades that our eyes perceive each moment. For the colours you must use your inward eye as you read these words in black print, as I call up for you the living, glowing, vibrating tones of the Rainbow Prism that are our medium. I can give you also the key to the structure on which we are working—a structure as scientific, we think, as the octave in music, or the ladder of numbers of the Numeration Table. I have set this key out in the diagram on page 33, and this is how to read it.

In the centre column, reading across, you will read the seven names of the colours of the rainbow. Substitute in your mind's eye their bright hues for the written words. Now these colours are to many people, maybe to you, isolated phenomena, connected with known objects. Green, that's for grass; red, that's for letter-boxes, etc. If one speaks of the rainbow sequence, you have to say a childish rhyme to remember the order in which the colours run—'Richard Of York Gains Battles In Vain.' If that is your conception of colour, you must change your notions, and accept colours in their relation to one another, each in its own place as part of white light. As this snow-white light is shattered, they appear one after the other as a river sequence. Each colour takes its place, and merges into its neighbour, just as each note merges into the next note in the river of sound from base to treble. Musicians have made halts or stations along this river of sound, and called these halts notes—the notes of the scale. Just in the same way, artists have made halts in the river of light and called these halts red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. There are seven of them, just as there are seven notes in the musical scale, and this is no mere coincidence, but a fundamental of the Law of Proportion.

To go back to the diagram. You will see that each colour has seven halts below, indicating seven degrees of depth or density, descending from the light tones of each particular colour to its darkest hue. Above each rainbow colour you will see seven more names. These rise from the highest transparency or shade of each hue to its neutralisation.

These scales are the chart on which colour artists build the conceptions of their painting. They play their melodies and their harmonies to and fro, and up and down on such a chart, very much as the composer uses the keyboard of the piano, or as a mathematician uses the number table in the science of calculation.

Each colour is unique, but no colour can stand alone. To get the full value of its unique colour, it must have other hues by its side, not for mere contrast as black, say, contrasts with white, or square with circle, but prismatically to break up the rays of colour, as a shuttlecock is tossed, to and from the waves of light. Thus all the most brilliant things of nature are composed of tiny facets or mirrors which reflect and re-reflect each other—kingfisher's breast, jay's feather, butterfly's wing, fish's scales, flower's petals in all their transparence. Each may appear one hue, but in reality under a microscope is made up of many varied hues in true harmony, heightening each other's brilliance. So we cull our colours here and there, up and down the scales, to create the particular colour we have in mind.

I once set out to pick a yellow bunch to place as a lamp on my table in dull, rainy weather. I picked Iceland poppies, marigold, yellow iris; my bunch would not tell yellow. I added sunflowers, canary pansies, buttercups, dandelions: no yellower. I added to my butter-like mass two everlasting peas, magenta pink, and all my yellows broke into luminosity. Orange and gold and lemon and primrose, each singing its note. Pleased with my success, I added more sweet peas, and drowned my yellow completely. Another colour emerged, not yellow. Each colour thus created by a supremacy over the other colours among which it finds itself, has its own message; and this message is sufficient for the gamut of human thought, and corresponds to it, as music can correspond to it. The same science of intervals plays upon human emotion.

Red is always an assault, an insult, a danger cry, shouting 'Revolution! Robbery!' and, paradoxically, 'Homage to the King!' It is the taunting flame out of primal volcano. It is the easiest colour to see. Man saw it first. Orange is an open colour, expressing prosperity and plenty, sun-baked universe, and laughter under the sun. Yellow is the atmosphere of wisdom, reflection and calm, and green is quieter still—rest and content, the emerald ripple of wave and flow. Blue is the colour we love most. Its suggestion is the lark's song—hope that soars into the stratosphere. Indigo is tragedy. Like red, it can stand almost alone, crying to Pluto's intense blackness, to death, and to faith. This conjures violet, whose magic is perceived only by keen-eyed men; but it is known by song birds and honey bees. It can only be used by the great colour masters, and it is a safe indication of their mastery. It has been caught best by the Eastern painters, seeing in Psychic sunlight, and it is being sought by the new painters, such as Christopher Wood, for it calls to a colour beyond itself on the scale, a colour that our eyes cannot see, although we know that it is there by the power of its ultra-violet rays. Maybe we shall see this colour some day, when we have trained our eyes more precisely. Some eyes even now, looking at a rainbow or a prism, can see beyond the violet a faint trace of fuschia pink, the indication of the red, the first colour of the rainbow into which the colours flow in their completed cycle. For past the gap where we cannot see, the violet flows back into red again. Look at the double rainbow in the stormy sky. Can your eyes see a hint of this unknown colour between the outer bright rainbow and its inner echo?

In music we can hear the full circle of the octave, but the colour scale differs because there is this ultra-violet we cannot see, and in that lies the poignancy of violet.

We have said that each colour is unique under the sun, and so it is. Yet the rhythm of the scale of them is not unique. It is, on the contrary, the universal beat of life. The sevenfold rhythmic breaks, rests, pauses and beats, on the current of sound in music, correspond to the current of time through space, or the river of rainbow in light.

All that we can see, all that we can feel, if our feelings are in rhythmic harmony, falls into this sevenfold rhythm, the rhythm of our universe.

This rhythm is felt *intuitively* by the artist. His awareness beats in accord with it, but the scientists can give us the *logical* explanation of it. They picture for us all our perceptions or sensations of the world coming to us on waves. They tell us that these waves as they reach us differ in length. The colour waves, measuring from the crest of one wave to the next, are very short. The heat waves are longer—the sound waves longer still—and longer than them the radio waves and Röntgen waves and cosmic waves, which our unaided senses cannot hear or see. We receive these messages from the universe around us differently, by our eyes, our ears or our radio sets; and we call them colour, or sound, or electric energy—but they are all waves just the same, and only their lengths differ. The wave length of red is rather less than 10 thousandths of a centimetre—violet half that length—the wavelength from Daventry is 155,440 centimetres—but the motion of the waves is the same. The only difference is that they follow one another at shorter or longer intervals, and so it is simple to see that, being the same type of energy, fundamental rhythm is common to them all, no matter through which of our senses the communication comes.

It is strange that our ears detached sounds from objects so long ago, and made the art of music, while it is so recently that our eyes have detached colour from objects and made the abstract art of colour-painting. True, there have always been great colourists, but the old masters used colours to denote objects. Look at the Duccio we reproduce. How marvellously its blues tell the story of the Annunciation! It is the Tale of the Annunciation that is being told—not the tale of the blueness. The Angel blue, Heaven's message-bringer, coming to earth blue, reception—in the world of browns and russets. Marcoussis tells me nothing of guitars. His picture is charged with the full vitality of hyacinth sky, contrasted with the cloistered blueness of interior blue. If I think of the great colourists, of the Italian Primitives or Vermeer or El Greco or Rubens, I think of the *subjects* of their pictures. I cannot forget their subject. But I can recall the acid *green* of a Picasso I saw many years ago—a *green* as swift as the sting of a viper, while I *cannot* recall what form the green took, or whether the picture was representational, abstract, cubist or surrealist.

The old masters used colours as *servants*, to express form, and the colours were limited by this. I was told when I was a student that it was not possible to paint the blue of the sky. I remember reading a letter of Gauguin's which said that you could paint the sky much bluer if you painted a larger area of blue; that the blueness depended on the proportion of the area to the other colours. I felt my eyes beginning to open. Then I read a letter of Van Gogh's which said that the blueness of the sky depended on the contrast of the blue to its complementary colour, orange, and that colours could be made brilliant by contrasting each colour to its complementary (red to green, orange to blue, yellow to violet). It was not only the quantity of the area of the blueness which told, but the quantity of the complementary colour. So as to get his Provence sky blue, he concentrated on golden-orange, cornfields, and orange-red soil. He painted in couples, in duality, and produced great masterpieces of colour, its furnace, and its fury, but he found no sanity, for colour is not a duality, and art cannot be based on two contrasting opposites, any more than life can be. Duality is no solution. But he was the first of the new colour seekers *who sought colour for its own sake*.

Next amongst the seekers came the 'abstract' painters. They were the men who, having been chased out of their comfortable lodgings of Academic Representation by the camera, sought out new fields and hunting grounds, where no camera could follow them. *They gave up representing objects*, and sought for proportion, balance, poise. They abstracted from the scale the three primary colours (red, yellow, blue), and though a Mondrian may only contain one red or one

yellow and a blue, the other one or two of the three are always in mind, evoked by their very absence, if not by their presence. To these new pioneers all other colours except the three primaries were taboo. They said to me in Paris, 'You must not use green—green is not an abstract colour', and as for using violet, that was anathema. Colour was used by them abstractly, apart from objects, but it was used to denote form, to denote the extent of their geometry. Their form and geometry were not used to denote colour as an end in itself. That remained to be done, but they did liberate colour from objects. Colour as a living art sprang out, and artists realised its potentialities. See how the Mondrian we reproduce expresses the open-hearted sunlight of the brave new thought—basing its beauty on reality and on proportion. Discarding the old mystic beauty of the past, where the great visionaries like El Greco glimpsed with ecstatic eyes the dread and awesome unseen—Mondrian's gaze is quiet and confident. He does not blink. The Old Masters nailed colour, like a carpet, tight down over forms. The abstract thought released it, and its inherent power for expression became apparent. The full power of that art is still to be made visible, and the colour artists of today are working along these lines, each in his own vision. Matisse still works representationally, but in full chromatic scale. He uses objects to denote colours. I should think of a pink Matisse or a jade Matisse, *not* of a girl, or a basket of fruit. Kandisky and Miro have given up recognisable objects, and use their colour free as experiment. Matthew Smith and Graham Sutherland explore transparent intensities; Francis Hodgkins the dusky, honeyed sequences, and Paul Nash the pastel scale that closely relates itself to line. Ben Nicholson touches the duns and greys and oatmeals, the mid-tones of the neutral scales.

The present generation is not working in duality nor in triplicate, but in the sevenfold harmony of the rainbow scale, and as yet they have only ventured a little way along the road to the use of the full vitality of colour. But the way is open. Colour is free to use. You can paint 'bluer than the sky'. Blueness is your aim; the sky falls below. Use the scales, travelling from red to violet, and the simultaneous ones, from brilliance to neutral, and thence to dusk. Use their sevenfold brilliance, their sevenfold depths, their sevenfold rhythm in space as geometry, not in time as in music. There is unlimited scope here. The colour will call shapes, forms and masses, recognisable if you wish, abstract if you prefer. Think in terms of intervals—wide intervals for clarion calls—red to green or vermilion to dun, close intervals for lullaby music, sea-blue to sea-green, or pearl to opal. Conjure for yourself such a picture. You will find it sheer delight, and within the range and possibility of anyone without training at an Art School. Art Schools teach one how to copy nature, but the joy of colour is inborn within each one of us, from the child with its silver and scarlet toy to the old man in his rose garden.

There is a great deal waiting to be painted, and many roads to voyage. I will leave it to you to paint new colour pictures for yourself. I hope I have obliterated for you for ever the old conception that colour must be a slave to *form*, and must be tacked down on to objects. I hope I have shown you that colour is the vital power out of which forms, objects, images, thoughts themselves, can be created.

I have built for you the scaffolding of the artist's science, upon which the new colour art is being built everywhere, even in the fiery crucible of war, because colour is as much a need for man as freedom. The savage puts a parrot's feather in his hair. The modern man paints a colour harmony and, because he is a free man of unlimited possibilities, he needs a free art, whose range is neither limited nor hampered in scope, and yet one that meets his needs as scientifically true. He wants no nightmare nor dream fancy. Such art is search, and he wants nourishment. Nourishment of Truth, and art that answers his own inward rhythm: such rhythm as he knows to be the rhythm of space—the heart-beat of the Universe.

clay	mud	dust	earth	shadow	slate	lead
terra cotta	dun	putty	khaki	mist	pewter	prune
brick	fawn	beige	faded oak leaf	sea grey	steel	mulberry
roan	bistre	hay	sage	air force blue	blue grey	vieux rose
rust	ochre	straw	willow	fell blue	knife blue	musk rose
coral	sand	amber	crab apple	turquoise	royal	wine
ruby	flame	topaz	emerald	azure	sapphire	amethyst
RED	**ORANGE**	**YELLOW**	**GREEN**	**BLUE**	**INDIGO**	**VIOLET**
sugar pink	alabaster	sulphur	duck's egg	baby ribbon blue	ice blue	pale lilac
scarlet	apricot	lemon	pea green	sky	french blue	lavender
vermilion	fire	canary	grass green	forget-me-not	hyacinth	heliotrope
tomato	fox	brass	cabbage	larkspur	ultramarine	purple
dragon's blood	copper	daffodil	forest green	lapis-lazuli	electric blue	maroon
mahogany	tobacco	mustard	laurel	horizon	midnight	damson
RAVEN	**BLACK COFFEE**	**TIGER SKIN**	**BLACK VELVET**	**ZENITH**	**PITCH**	**CHOCOLATE**

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND
Part of a Row of Solicitors' Offices, Swansea
courtesy National Gallery

RED

ORANGE

VAN GOGH
Sunflower

2 8 ★

35

PIET MONDRIAN
Painting 1935
courtesy Anne Roberts

YELLOW

GREEN

EL GRECO
Toledo in a Storm

DUCCIO
The Annunciation
courtesy National Gallery

INDIGO

MARCOUSSIS Painting

CHRISTOPHER WOOD
The Plage, Hotel Ty-Mad, Treboul
courtesy Rex Nan Kivell

SECRETS OF INVASION CRAFT, NOW REVEALED

ALAN RASP

THE time has now come when we may disclose fuller details of the craft which carried our troops to success in Normandy. And in raising the veil from this well-guarded secret, an interesting side-light is at once revealed. We are inclined to credit the German with unique foresight in his preparations for war and to decry our War Office and Admiralty as being staffed by Blimps who regard any new proposal with a tired smile; if the idea is not related to the last war, a dusty pigeon-hole is its reputed fate.

Yet while Hitler, the aggressor and invader, was ponderously assembling the cumbrous Rhine barges and Dutch schoots, which he had stolen in Holland, and which the R.A.F. found so delightfully sinkable, we, the defenders, who might well have been excused for not being ready to invade Europe, already had under trial landing craft which were far ahead of any German dream. The most the public was allowed to hear were some rather vague references to invasion 'barges'; in fact progress in design had gone so far that they were no more 'barges' than the armoured-fighting vehicles we invented in 1916 were 'tanks'.

Our experiences of the last war were but a poor guide. The Clyde, it is true, made one glorious run, but only one, and thereafter became a mere pier. The wooden Horse Boats and the steel 'X' Lighters used in Mesopotamia also had a ramp and this was being developed in 1918 into the first modern drawbridge type, styled a Mechanised Landing Craft. Designed to be borne on a troop-ship and launched with a 10-ton load, it was to make its way to shore by jet propulsion; this was to avoid the fouling of propellers in shallow water. But it was not ready till the war was over, so the Royal Navy had no real experience of these craft. Nor did they learn anything from the Japanese invasion of China—they merely used wooden oar-propelled sampans.

THE FORESIGHT OF THE ADMIRALTY

It is, therefore, all the more to our credit that, a month before this war began, a really modern power-driven landing craft suitable for an opposed landing was actually made and ready to run its trials near Glasgow.

When the disaster of Dunkirk occurred, our leaders at once grasped the essential point—though we ourselves were faced with invasion. Victory could come, not by the production of defensive, but of offensive, weapons which would put our men back on the shores of Europe with a good prospect of arriving alive—the invasion craft had come into its own and the trial craft of August 1939 was to prove worth its weight in gold. It was a bold decision which set the best brains and technicians on the production of vessels to invade Europe at the very moment we stood alone and the world watched us apparently intent on scraping together improvised weapons to repel. Truly, Mr. Churchill's words of 1942, 'What kind of people do they think we are?' were proved justified as early as 1940.

The technical advisers had to weigh many conflicting demands—speed and propellers *versus* the slowness and safety of jet propulsion on shallow beaches; sea sickness *versus* sea worthiness; shallow draft and broad beam *versus* manœuverability; speed in production *versus* the military leaders' insistence that only the best would suffice—for it was stipulated that the army would not be launched until they had a sound prospect of success.

Decisions had to be taken quickly and designs which were merely scraps of paper one day were passed to the production line the next.

THE DAYS OF 'GOING TO IT'

Today we have fifty different craft, each designed to meet a special need. These are the product not only of the technicians and the shadow factories which sprang up overnight, but of every tiny shipyard, every bench, every seeming insignificant wayside garage. The few skilled men available were parcelled out among thousands of unskilled women and the result was a ship. Some did not even know they were making a ship—perhaps the very craft which would carry their own husbands on the great adventure—some never saw a ship though they were handling cranes, making steel studs, bolts, screws, rivets, bearings, welding amid a shower of fiery hot steel sparks, or bearing their weight on the pneumatic hammer.

It is a strange coincidence that these very ships were to carry our men to Bayeux where the tapestries depict one of the earliest scenes of a production drive in invasion craft—William the

Conqueror's shipyards 'going to it' for an invasion in the reverse direction. It does not require much imagination to see the figure on the left as the shop steward raising an admonitory finger at an absentee of 1066!

As production progressed, so did we gain in experience! America's peacetime experience of amphibious craft used in tree felling in dangerous swamps was turned to account. Even prior to Pearl Harbour, Roebling Alligators—amphibians which could ride in a heavy surf and yet climb a beach with a slope of one in one—were under trial.

Then came Dieppe and the British public got its first insight (from German reports) into our progress. Our troops were not to wallow in barges as Hitler had proposed for the *Wehrmacht*—self-propelled craft capable of carrying half-a-dozen 30-ton tanks were an actuality. There would be no 'disembarkation' as we had understood the word: instead the tank could roar down a ramp and blast its way straight up the beaches.

Dieppe and the series of Commando raids in France and Norway soon showed that, far from being content to crouch defensively on our beaches, we were ready to hit back—more than ready—we had 'something the others had not got.' It was not however known that, thanks to the foresight of the Admiralty, an ocean-going parent vessel capable of carrying large numbers of minor landing craft and tanks was running its trials in the Mersey as early as November 1940.

To describe the fifty different types of vessel which took part in the invasion would be wearisome. Details will therefore be confined to the main types:

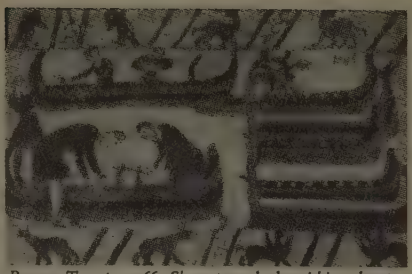
(*a*) Major or Parent ships, notably L.C.T.s and L.S.T.s.

(*b*) Minor ships which will be described under three main headings—L.C.A.s, L.C.S.s and L.C.M.s.

To the layman, it often appears that a cloud of black magic covers the titles of these craft, but if we bear in mind the age-long service custom of calling everything by its name, backwards, all becomes clear. Just as to the army a stop watch is a 'watch-stop', so a Tank Landing Craft is a L.C.T. Generally speaking, too, an L.S. means a large 'ship', while an L.C. means a 'craft'—a relatively small vessel.

THE PARENT SHIPS

The minor craft, not being ocean-going, commence their journey in the belly of fast, specially strengthened, converted merchantmen or in vessels specifically built for the job. They are fitted with powerful davits to lower into the



Bayeux Tapestry 1066. Shop steward admonishing absentee worker

water the assault craft—of which more anon.

The most famous ocean-going major vessel is the L.C.T.—the Tank Landing Craft. This is a specially built ship of 200 ft. with a 31-ft. beam and a displacement of 350 tons. Though it carries such a vast weight of heavy tanks and can land them straight into battle on the beaches, it draws only three feet of water forward and seven feet aft. One means of achieving this astounding advantage has been the acceptance of risk for, to reduce weight, only light armour of ⅜ inch mild steel is used. This will give protection from bullets only, but not from shells or bomb splinters.

The bulk of the space is occupied by tanks or other heavy vehicles which rest on an iron deck, corrugated to prevent slipping. The vehicles back into the craft—no easy task and one which calls for long training—and are thus ready for the eventual dramatic dash down the ramp and up the beaches. This ramp occupies the bow space and is raised or lowered by a hand winch. In some craft, the winch is power-driven, but the alternative hand gear is invariably available as well, lest the power element be damaged by shell or bomb during the critical seconds.

The two engines are 500 h.p. Diesels and are well aft for obvious reasons. An unusual feature is that the propellers rotate in the same direction. Normally twin screws revolve in opposite directions so that they do not affect steering, the torque of one cancelling the other. But in shallow waters a damaged propeller is to be expected. By having the propellers identical, the number of spares carried is reduced. This not only allows more space for valuable cargo but simplifies manufacture, makes for speedier training of engine crews and for more efficient repairs, an important point when it is remembered that a new propeller may have to be fitted at night, while afloat and under fire, with no lights.

As will be understood, she has all the vices a sailor dislikes, and to manœuvre a ship with such

MR. OLIVER LYTTLETON, *Minister of Production, watching loading on to an L.S.T. of a caterpillar crane with 60 foot jib, at a secret base in Britain*

propellers, a very broad beam, shallow draught, no grip in the water, is like controlling a paper boat on a pond in the wind. She skims over the surface, is difficult to turn, and still more difficult to stop. But sailor and soldier alike realise that these disadvantages are inevitable.

The L.S.T. or Tank Landing Ship is merely a major edition of 5,500 tons and closely resembles an oil tanker. Another major ship is the L.S.I., the Infantry Landing Ship, a liner and the main infantry-carrying unit. It cannot touch the beach, but the assault craft are lowered into the water by davits.

THE MINOR CRAFT

Naturally our first thought must be to get mobile infantry ashore. For these L.C.A.s followed by further waves in L.C.P.s (Personnel) and the still larger L.C.I.s (Infantry).

The Assault Landing Craft is designed primarily for speed and has a lower ramp than other craft. It is driven by two powerful internal combustion engines driving twin screws, but the steering position is forward in a small protected box. To avoid interference with the compasses, all the steel used in these minor craft is demagnetised. The L.C.A., although small, is capable of carrying a surprising number of men accommodated in the fore and aft bays under the armoured deck.

The assault troops are, of course, protected by the general cover given by the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force but, though they dash ashore with flying colours and the might of their own flying bullets, they need more, namely weapons at close call to smother instantaneously unexpected resistance suddenly encountered.

This close support is afforded by Support Landing Craft (L.C.S.). The L.C.S. is not, technically speaking, a landing craft at all, for it is not designed to put itself ashore. It is more traditional in line and at a casual glance looks more like a small motor torpedo boat. It is equipped with smoke apparatus and a smoke-float mortar with which a dim smoke-screen can be laid at speed. Its armament, for its size, is formidable, and it can not only engage shore targets and give gun support to the landing troops, but can deal with enemy dive bombers.

The assault troops will hardly have got their feet ashore before the Commander, anxious to give his men the best chance of success, will be screaming for a thousand and one things—usually of a heavier nature than can be carried in L.C.A.s.

This is where the Mechanised Landing Craft (L.C.M.) begins to play its part. It is almost rectangular in shape and, having a fairly high freeboard (the space between the water line and deck), can carry a heavy load. The square bow is closed by a ramp which, in the sea-going position, juts above the hull and can be lowered very quickly by hand-winch the moment the beach is reached. The wheelhouse is aft, a small protected space just wide enough to house wheel,

compass, binnacle and engine room telegraph, with space for coxswain inside. By means of twin screws, it can be turned almost in its own length. The method of keeping the craft in position once beach is touched is interesting, for it must neither be left stranded when the tide goes out nor separated from the beach by a rising tide. This is effected by a kedge anchor which is operated from steel doors in the stern. During landing operations, it is dropped on nearing the beach and the cable is paid out until the bow has run aground and the ramp is lowered. Then, on a rising tide, the cable is further paid out and the engines drive the craft forward to keep her on the beach, while on a falling tide she is kedged off by a powerful winch.

Last, but not least, since the army still marches on its stomach—though a sea-sick Commando in an L.C.A. might claim the saying to be demoded—there are the L.B.K.s: kitchen craft to supply hot meals to small craft which have no cooking facilities. The variety is legion—the now famous D.U.K.Ws. to run ammunition from ship to shore and thence to deliver straight to the troops in action; the Rhino Ferry, one of the latest types which lies low in the water and can transport the heaviest equipment in bulk, and the L.C.F. or Flak ship, a floating A.A. battery.

THE MAN

But the machine without the man is nought and perhaps the best picture of the nature of the work and the close link between the services is given by saying that the engineer is known as the 'driver'. All the minor craft carry a maximum of crew-coxswain, driver and one seaman. There are also signal officers, generally sub-lieutenants, R.N.V.R. specially trained in the system of signals common to all three arms in combined operations; and one Signal Officer is assigned to each of several selected craft in a flotilla. The flotilla itself is under the command of a Flotilla Officer.

The L.C.T. carries a crew of two officers and ten men, and so vital is it to squeeze in every possible tank that living conditions are, quite frankly, bad. An improvement on the appalling living conditions which characterised the earlier models has, however, now been effected.

At sea, officers and men are continually exposed to the weather and live in very cramped quarters which admit of no privacy or distinctions; all mass together, eating, washing and sleeping within a few feet of each other. As for the 'passengers', they must make shift to sleep as best they can inside their vehicles, crowding into the cramped quarters for washing, cooking, and so on.

The officers are exclusively young R.N.V.R. officers, the men 'hostilities only' ratings. They are drafted into this branch of the service and do not volunteer for it, but it is important to remember that they are essentially Navy men, that their ships wear the White Ensign, and that they are specialists in their jobs, just as much as the men who man the submarines. And if they are the youngest branch of the Naval Service, this does not mean that they feel humble before the crews of the more conventional warships—very much the contrary. They are proud of their discomfort, proud of calling for the Deck Steward to serve coffee on the Promenade Deck but, above all, proud to be surging forward alongside their soldier comrades in the final assault.

London soldiers on Bren Gun Carriers, before being shipped into a landing craft for France

NATIVE CRISIS IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Union persists in an anti-native, anti-Indian policy. As reprisal, Indians in India have just reduced S. Africans to 'native status', suggested sanctions, even war

ESTHER ROBERTS, South African expert on world affairs

FEW small countries are faced with the complex race problems which the Union of South Africa is called upon to solve. The war, instead of creating harmony among the people, seems to have intensified racial conflicts. There are four principal racial groups which are mutually antagonistic, but within these groups there is also bitter antagonism, although they form a united front when their interests are challenged. It is customary to speak of the Union as having a population of two million, and of its government as being a democracy. The eight million non-Europeans are tacitly ignored, and the fact that the principles of democratic rule are not applied to them does not interest the average South African. It has become second nature to most South Africans to believe that white persons and white interests have precedence; and many are not aware that their attitude is unethical.

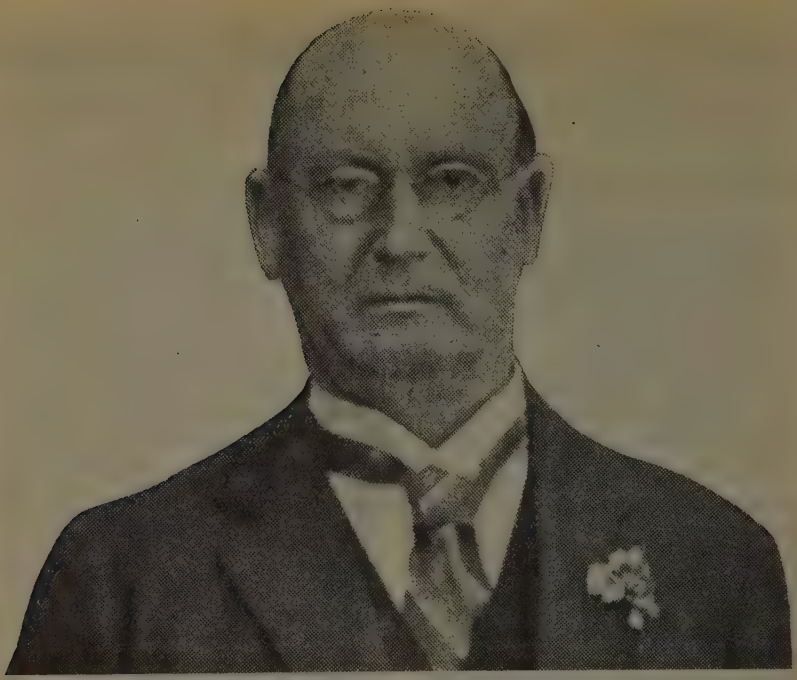
The population of ten million is made up of the following groups. Six and a half million Bantu, the so-called Natives, who belong to many different tribes, but whose ancient tribal feuds are rapidly dying out. Within the next largest group, that of the Europeans, there is bitter racial feeling. After the Boer War there was strife between the Boers and the British, but today the struggle between Fascism and Democracy has created solidarity between freedom-loving English and Afrikaans-speaking South Africans, who are at one in their hatred of the anti-British elements numbering some 250,000 or more who were prepared, not only to sell out to Germany, *but even to welcome the Japanese into South Africa.* The two remaining groups are the so-called 'Cape Coloured', a race of mixed breeds (most of whom have some European blood) and the Indians. The Indians are divided by religion into Mohammedans and Hindus, with the Mohammedans forming the wealthy part of the community (and there is also a language division between the Gujerat and Tamil-speaking groups).

The statesmen and thinkers, whose duty it is to look ahead, have to plan the future of South Africa, but no one has been able to form an idea of what the future of the Union should be, or how these different elements can be formed into a national whole. The other racial problems can be solved, but the Native problem appears to be unsolvable. Different Native policies have been suggested and, today, traces of all of them can be found. No one, however, either European or Native, has been able to form a policy which, if put into operation, would in the end satisfy both Europeans and non-Europeans. We are aiming at a goal without being clear what that goal is, and the time has come when we must envisage the future of South Africa, and realise that a stop-gap Native policy is no longer possible. For many years the importance of the Native problem has been recognised, but an attempt to solve it can no longer be delayed. It has been pointed out by students of Native Affairs that what Parliament does, or fails to do, in the sphere of Native Affairs during the next ten years will decide the future of South Africa for centuries to come.

So far the Union has dealt with its racial problems with very little interference from outside. However, the application of the ideals of the *Atlantic Charter* to Africa, and the publication by the United Kingdom Colonial Office of the *White Paper on Mass Education in African Society*, make it clear that, if we cannot deal with our Native problem, outside pressure will be brought to bear on us!

America has formed a Committee called 'The Committee on Africa, the War and Peace Aims', and it has already pointed out to the Union that the Atlantic Charter is incompatible with our 'Segregation' policy.

Field-Marshal Smuts recently declared that his Government intended to apply the policy of Trusteeship in place of Segregation. Now, 'trusteeship', like 'appeasement', is one of those words which sounds so comforting, but which, when applied, produces strange results. The ideal of trusteeship in Native Affairs is no new thing. Its merits have been studied, and discussed, since its principles were applied to the Mandated Territories after the last war. But the question is, can it be applied in a country which has a dominant white minority, which will fight to the death before it will give up its privileged position? As the late Professor Alfred Hoernle showed in a lecture on the Spirit of Trusteeship,



World Review's Gallery of Native-Baiters: (1) DR. DANIEL F. MALAN, *leader of the Nationalist Party and Opposition since 1939*

the ultimate aim of trusteeship in the Union is:

1. Permanent trusteeship, as an aspect of permanent *domination.*

2. Trusteeship aiming, on the basis of acculturation, at common citizenship for the wards, at social equality, at total *assimilation.*

3. Trusteeship preparing the wards for *independence,* in their own self-governing community.

None of these aims is acceptable. The Natives are developing rapidly, and do not wish to be held in perpetual subjection, so the first aim is abhorrent to them. No Whites, and not many Natives, would welcome total assimilation, with its inevitable outcome of racial mixture. The third possibility is not practicable from the economic standpoint, as white and black are economically inter-dependent. So the new South African Policy of Trusteeship, which sounds so fine and idealistic, reveals itself to be just another stop-gap—a short-range policy without a true aim.

It is difficult to get exact figures for the distribution of the Native population, but it is usual to divide them into three groups—the Natives who live in the Reserves, the labour tenants, and the de-tribalised. Between 2½ and 3 million Natives have their permanent home in the Reserves, or territories which have been set aside for their exclusive use. The Government added 7½ million morgen to the 10½ million morgen which were already in use, by the Native Trust and Land Act of 1936. As a morgen is roughly 2 acres, the total land available for the Natives is thus about 37 million acres. Nevertheless, so far, only a part of the additional land has passed into their possession. The Reserve Natives cannot make a living on the Reserves, which are overcrowded and over-stocked, so they are forced to go out for a number of months each year to seek employment in the towns, in domestic service, or in industry. The Reserve Native, because of his holding in the territory, can undercut the de-tribalised man who has to depend solely on his wages to keep himself and his family. About two million Native 'squatters' live on farms. The European farmers allow them land, which they can cultivate, and grazing ground for their stock, and, in return, they are expected to work for the farmer for from 90 to 180 days per annum,

(2) OSWALD PIROW, *South Africa's Minister of Defence until this war. A real Fascist, he screamed, 'Nazism is the greatest turning-point in a thousand years'*

according to the area. The lot of these rural Natives is a miserable one, and they are dependent almost entirely on the goodwill of the farmer. Those who live on the farm of a kindly man are happy, but all farmers are not humanitarians, and the Natives who anger the farmer can be turned off the land. The Reserves are full and cannot accommodate them. There is no room for them in the towns and there is literally nowhere for them to go.

The 'de-tribalised Natives', who form an ever-increasing group, live mostly in locations or separate villages; there is about a million of them. They consist of the growing number who have broken with their past, and to this group belong both the best and the worst elements in Native life. Most of the Christianised Natives, from whom are drawn the leaders, are de-tribalised. Here, also, we find the ne'er-do-wells who have drifted into the towns, and are now beyond all tribal control. It is thus obvious that the Natives do not form a more or less homogeneous community, and that a great gulf separates a young graduate who has just left the Native University and whose ancestors have been civilised for two generations, from the son of a chief who is still regarded as semi-divine, and who has probably just been praying to the ancestral gods to send rain.

South Africans are often accused of being harsh and intolerant in their treatment of the Natives, and this, to a great extent, is true. But it is a mistake to think that only South Africans are unjust. In other parts of Africa, where there is a powerful white minority and similar social and economic problems, there is the same intolerant attitude towards the Natives. Nor is there any difference between the attitude of the English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking South African.

These two quotations, one by an Englishman, and the other by an Afrikaner, both eminent politicians, are illuminating:

'The white man is determined to do all he can to remain, and what is more, to rule. This matter is to us in South Africa such a vital and fundamental matter that no ethical considerations, such as the rights of man, will be allowed to stand in the way.'

And this:

'The European has hitherto been able to maintain himself in South Africa because he is economically and culturally superior to the Native. If the Government goes out of its way to civilise and uplift the Native in an unnatural manner, the white man will not be able to maintain his superiority.'

This fear of the Native is so dominant in South Africa that it poisons all aspects of national life. In the past the chief aim of Native Policy was to strengthen the grip which the white minority had on the black. The Native must not be educated. He must not be allowed to do skilled or semi-skilled work. His wages must not be raised. Why not? Simply because, if he becomes civilised, and his position is improved, he may challenge the position of the White man. The South African salves his conscience by saying that the African has a primitive mentality, and that he cannot absorb European culture; and there are those who quite genuinely believe this. Many people spend their lives in this country and never meet an educated Native, or when they do meet one, they are embarrassed, and do not know how to treat him.

The fact that there is a small number of cultured, civilised Natives, who are excluded from White society, shows clearly that it is on grounds of colour, and not because they have not reached a civilised standard of living, that the Natives are regarded as 'part of the population, but not part of the people of South Africa'.

The apparent prosperity of the Union, and its shaky economic structure, is based on the assumption that there will always be an abundant supply of cheap Native labour. Any attempt to improve the lot of the Native is directed against the self-interest of the Whites. Four-fifths of the wage-earners in South Africa are Natives, Coloureds, or Indians and, with very few exceptions, they are unskilled. The Colour Bar Act, the official title of which is the Mines and Works Act, debars Natives from most skilled and semi-skilled work, and the Apprenticeship Act is so administered that it is almost impossible for a Native to be apprenticed to a trade. Many Commissions, which have drawn up reports over a long period of time, have pointed out the danger of the cheap labour supply and the uneconomic wage paid to the non-Europeans. The Federated Chamber of Industries stressed the point that the relatively high wages of White artisans are due to, and dependent on, the employment of large numbers of unskilled Native Labourers, and in this the artisan is typical of the whole White community, who are enabled to maintain a standard of life approximating rather to that of America than to that of Europe in a country that is poorer than most of the countries of Western Europe, solely because they have at their disposal these masses of docile, low-paid Native labourers; while another Commission, the Economic and Wage Commission, said: 'The disparity between skilled White and unskilled Native is so great as to constitute a danger to the White. In the interest of the White it is necessary to raise the economic level of the Native.' But since the high White wages are paid very largely at the expense of the Black, any rise in the Native wage will mean a drop in the White wage, unless there is an increase in the production per head.

When the convoys called at Cape Town and Durban, thousands of young men, who saw the high standard of living and heard of the high wages paid, planned to return to the Union after the war. But can South Africa absorb them, and offer them permanent work? The answer to this question depends on the success or failure of our Native policy which directly influences the economic position.

If it were not that the whole economic structure of South Africa is based on the system of cheap Native labour, it would be possible to solve the Native problem by giving the Natives sufficient land, and carrying out a policy of ideal Segregation. Segregation usually means a policy which 'retains the segregated in the same social and political structure with the dominant White group, but subjects them to the denial of important rights, and keeps them at a social distance implying inferiority.' Under an ideal Segregation Policy the Native areas would be self-supporting, and it would be modelled on the European community, with Native professional men, employers, etc. In fact, the black area would be developed as other Native areas in Africa will inevitably develop. But South Africa would be as sternly opposed to ideal segregation as it is to assimilation.

Assimilation was, for a number of years, regarded as the solution of the Native problem. It means that the Native would lose his cultural heritage and become 'Europeanised'. He would be given the same education as the Whites, and would thus be fitted to earn his living in competition with the White. He would have the vote on the same terms as the Europeans, and vote for the same candidates. In the end Natives would form an integral part of society, and then might come racial assimilation leading to marriage between black and white. Wherever total assimilation has been tried, race fusion has been the inevitable result. But it is an outcome which

(3) NICOLAAS HAVENGA, *Minister of Finance until 1939. Became leader of new Afrikaaner (extreme Dutch) Party in 1941*

(4) General JAN CHRISTOFFEL GREYLING KEMP, *Minister of Lands until 1939. Anti-King, Anti-Empire, Anti-British, Anti-Native, Anti-Indian, Anti-Jew*

is viewed with horror and disgust by both European and Native leaders. However, assimilation in a modified form is going on all the time. It is most marked in education, where the civilised Native, who has a secondary and a University education, studies the same subjects as a European student and, if he takes his degree as an external student of the University of South Africa, writes the same papers. But a great deal of assimilation goes on almost involuntarily. The Native who lives in a Location and works in town, or the domestic servant, adopts many European customs and ideas quite unconsciously. Many of the ideas at work in Native Policy are obviously assimilationist in principle, while others are just as obviously Repressionist. The Repressionist policy represents the outcome of the fear complex, and the determination to hold back the development of the Native at all costs. There are people who, literally, do not regard the Native as a human being, as the fact that the following cases caused so little public outcry in 1943 makes clear. Two European boys, aged 15 and 17, were tried in a Juvenile Court on a charge of culpable homicide. According to the evidence, 'they hid behind a bush, and when a Native man approached on a bicycle they knocked him off and hit him ten times with a knobkerrie when he lay on the ground. It had been their intention to attack any Native who passed.' The Native died of his injuries. The boys were sentenced to 'ten cuts with a light cane'. In another case, a European soldier of 18, who killed a Native without provocation, received the same sentence.

When considering the future of Native Policy, the policy of Adaptation, which was so strongly recommended by the Native Economic Commission, should be taken into account. It was a variant of the Segregation Policy, and owed much to the model of indirect rule in Nigeria, Tanganyika and Uganda. Its ideal is to take what is 'good' from the Bantu past, and by combining it with what is 'good' for the Native in European culture, build up a new distinctive culture. The Commission recommended that Chiefs, tribal courts and Native law should receive more recognition. Like all other policies, adaptation appears to lead nowhere.

South Africa seems to be unable to solve her Native problem. *But if she does not solve it, she faces a disaster, which cannot be long delayed.* It may be that in the post-war years when experts meet to consider the grave problems of the world, they will have constructive suggestions to offer.

THE LOVERS OF TOURLAVILLE

THE STORY OF A NORMAN CHÂTEAU

A. L. ROWSE

I WONDER what has happened to the Château of Tourlaville, about two miles out of Cherbourg to the east, in all the fighting around there? That château was the scene of one of the most tragic of love stories: a theme in the same genre as that of 'The Cenci', which was happening at about the same time, in the last years of Queen Elizabeth—only at once less horrible and more touching. It is a story which made a great sensation in France, and has always been remembered since. In London, too, it made its impression, and people reported it in news-letters. It is rather curious that someone did not make it into a play: it would have made a sensational Elizabethan tragedy after the manner of *The Duchess of Malfi*. It is, as Barbey d'Aurevilly described it, *une chronique normande passionnée comme une chronique italienne*.

You have to see it against the background of the French Renaissance and the Wars of Religion, that period of passion and crime, of a high culture and many cruelties, when Catholics and Huguenots were at each other's throats. In Normandy the Huguenots fought under the leadership of another Montgomery—that famous family which contributed so many men of action to French history.

Jean Ravalet, Lord of Tourlaville, father of the lovers, had scotched a Huguenot attempt on Cherbourg and been rewarded with the office of Master of the Waters and Forests of the Cotentin. He was the head of a family which had gained a great position in the peninsula, a reliable royal official well regarded by Henri IV, with connections everywhere: a thoroughly fine man married to an equally noble woman, Madeleine de la Vigne. They had a town house in Cherbourg (I wonder if it is still standing?) in the parish of the Trinity, in which church they worshipped. At Tourlaville they worshipped in the church of Notre Dame, which was also the chapel of the castle and had been built by the English centuries before.

They had a family. All the Ravalets were good-looking; but two of them—Julien, and Marguerite, four years younger than he—were of a splendid beauty, and singularly alike. Everybody called them *le beau garçon* and *la belle demoiselle*. From their childhood they existed only for each other. Everybody noticed their touching devotion. They took no part in the games of the other children; they spent all their time together, happy only in each other's company, going alone together to the little church to pray.

What became to the sixteenth century a resounding case of guilt and crime was something much more interesting which we can understand in the light of modern psychology—a case of complete fixation.

As they grew older, the parents were a little disquieted. Julien was sent away to school at Coutances, and for a time he seemed to escape the obsession of his sister. The moment he returned to Tourlaville, however, she regained her ascendancy over him. They were still children, but growing into early adolescence. They read the poets together—Ronsard and the Pléiade. Julien often recited to her:

> La rose est le parfum des dieux,
> La rose est l'honneur des pucelles.

Their favourite flower was the rose. Marguerite played on the lute and the théorbo. The walk they loved best was the chestnut walk by the stream in the park.

Julien was sent away to Paris, to the Collège de Navarre, then at the height of its renown, where he had the young Richelieu for his contemporary. His striking good looks seduced the heart of the famous soldier, Bassompierre, who came from neighbouring Saint Sauveur and took him up. Julien was intended by the family for the church—he was a younger son but his tastes were entirely secular. He loved fine clothes and was, like the young nobles of the time, always splendidly dressed in brocades and velvet and silks. In his absence he exchanged passionate letters with Marguerite.

Then the parents, with the best intentions, made a fatal mistake which led to all the tragedy.

Marguerite at thirteen was marriageable, and radiantly beautiful: the best bargain in the Cotentin. They married her to a rich bourgeois of Valognes: Jean Lefèbre, royal tax-collector, a sour bachelor of forty-five. He was uncultivated,

Château de Tourlaville

uncouth, a boor, married to his job—tax-gathering—and irretrievably middle-class. But he was rich, and available.

Julien, in Paris, was desolate. Marguerite had always said she would never marry. She consoled him with the revealing words that the 'real marriage' was yet three months away. He came home to Normandy from Paris. There were the same ardours and embraces, heightened, rendered more passionate by the thought of their separation. He was present at the wedding and escorted her to Valognes.

That lovely old town is today a heap of rubble. But somewhere among the rubble are the ruins of the house in the Rue Carnot where Marguerite spent the two last, most miserable years of her life, a prey first to boredom, then the persecution, and finally the cruelties, of her husband.

From the first she was made to feel that she had made a *mésalliance*. For a daughter of the house of Tourlaville, the centre of a charming and cultivated aristocratic society, there was no company in Valognes. Her husband was a boor. Julien came to her rescue. He stayed in the house. They spent hours together in the park; they wanted no other society.

The husband became jealous, perhaps already suspected. He ordered Julien to leave, forbade

him ever to enter the house again. He embarked upon a campaign of persecution of his girl-wife. Used to dressing splendidly, as in the class to which she belonged, she was forced to dress like a sober bourgeoise, sent up into the attics to sleep as the servants did.

Marguerite ran away from the dismal house.

To avoid scandal for so distinguished a family —it only led to a far greater one—a reconciliation was patched up. In these *triste* circumstances her first child was born. She was not yet fifteen. No one knows whose child this was, whether Lefèbre's or Julien's. It was brought up by the grandmother at Tourlaville and was buried with her in the Convent she founded at Valognes as an act of propitiation. (The convent subsequently became the hospital of the little town.)

Marguerite's return to her husband led to no improvement in their relations. She brought her younger sister, Gabrielle, with her, who remained to witness his ill-treatment, until she could not bear it any longer but went back to report the state of affairs at Tourlaville. Lefèbre beat his wife and on one occasion drove her out into the street at night.

She determined to leave him for ever, and one night escaped on horseback, riding through the night to Saint Sauveur and on to La Haye du Puits, where she took refuge with friends. From there she was received back at Tourlaville, where Julien awaited her.

All was happiness. It was the autumn of 1602. Her mother was struck with Marguerite's extraordinary beauty and at this time made a crayon drawing of her. The relations with Julien were upon the old footing. There were the walks in the chestnut walk, long days spent together. And not the days only.

Julien's room was in the south-west turret; Marguerite's a very beautiful chamber in the south-east round tower. One night a valet followed Julien on a nocturnal visit there and his suspicions were corroborated by what he saw.

This temporary autumnal peace was broken by a thunder-clap which descended on the Ravalet family from the outraged son-in-law, bringing a double charge against Julien and Marguerite.

While waiting for her father's sentence Marguerite fled into Brittany and took refuge in the little Breton town of Fougères. (Her horseback flights remind one of similar episodes in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots—the long ride from Holyrood to Stirling after the murder of Rizzio.) At Fougères Marguerite cut off all her lovely hair, and sent it as a token to Julien. He could not resist the summons: he followed her. It was a fatal move that sealed their fate.

They decided to make for Paris. Together they travelled, attended by three servants, across Normandy. Lefèbre had his spies out everywhere. He got on their track and himself arrived in Paris before them. Two days after their arrival they were arrested and taken to the Châtelet.

Their trial made an enormous sensation. Everything contributed to it: their position in the world, their youth and beauty, their evident devotion, their courage at their trial. But there could be no doubt about their guilt. In the Châtelet Marguerite gave birth to a son. He was given the name of Julien. She was not yet seventeen; Julien twenty-one.

Their father came up from Normandy to plead for pardon. He was taken up into the presence of Henry IV at the Louvre, through the famous Salle des Caryatides into the King's cabinet, where he was confronted by Henri and Marie de Médicis. The Queen, who was no better than she should be (was already carrying on with her favourite, Concini) was adamant against mercy. It was the violation of the marriage-vow which so shocked her, she said.

Julien and Marguerite were to suffer.

When they knew this, they threw off all pretence. Marguerite took all the blame upon herself and asked that she alone might die. When they were taken through the streets of Paris to the scaffold, they made an extraordinary impression upon the spectators. Radiantly beautiful, dressed as ever in silks, they behaved as if no one in the world existed save themselves. Their eyes were upon each other to the last.

A curious incident sealed the tragic impression upon people's minds. In removing Marguerite's dead body to make way for Julien, the executioner caught up her dress, revealing the fashionable crimson silk stocking and the extraordinary whiteness of the skin above. There was a howl of execration from the crowd at the profanation of such beauty.

They were buried together in the church of Saint Jean de Grève with this inscription upon their stone:

*Cy gisent le frère et la sœur. Passant, ne t'informe poinct de la cause de leur mort. Passe et prie Dieu pour leur âme.**

*Here lie the brother and sister. Passer-by, never ask the cause of their death. Pass, and pray God for their souls.

COLD COMFORT

A LAMENT

Private D. A. CLARK

It is a most peculiar thing. Mind you, there are lots of peculiar things in the Army—but I think this is the most peculiar. When they first get hold of you they issue you with almost everything you can think of. And when I say everything—I mean everything, from a packet of pins to a large pack. You get a battle-dress and all sorts of things which you wear under, on, and around it. They never fit you—but you get 'em. Yet they seem to overlook what is to me a most important item. You don't get any pyjamas.

It worried me no end, I can tell you. I shall never forget my first day. I pointed out the omission to the gentleman in the stores, and from his reply I decided straight away that he wasn't. (I don't mean he wasn't in the stores—but that he certainly wasn't a gentleman.) So I ignored him and bided my time and waited for an opportunity to approach my Corporal. I hadn't been introduced to him properly, but the officer had told us to go to him if we were in any trouble. He looked a fairly decent chap, notwithstanding the spots on his face. So I came straight out with it and told him I had nothing to sleep in except two horse-blankets which smelt of chlorine. He looked me up and down and cleared his throat. 'A soldier,' he said, gazing at the distant horizon behind my left ear, 'never sleeps.' Then he hiccoughed softly and walked away. Somebody told me later that he was a martyr to indigestion, so that probably accounts for his lack of understanding.

This Corporal was very young, but the Sergeant we had issued to us was very old, and he had quite a kindly twinkle in his eye, so I thought I'd tackle him. He was a good deal more sympathetic. He seemed to want to help as much as he could. A very nice fellow indeed. It has since been my privilege to lend him money from time to time. He confessed to me that he always slept in his shirt, and then asked me in a most interested way about my job before the war and whether I got balance of civil pay.

I consulted all sorts of people after this, but I could get no further—everyone in the Army, I was told, sleeps in his shirt. Everyone from His Majesty's Secretary of State downwards. I found out this was not strictly true, however, because one morning when I took our Lieut. Smithers a cup of tea (he had been out late the night before on manœuvres), I distinctly saw the top of his pyjama jacket where he protruded from under the sheet. He pulled the bedclothes up quickly when he saw me. The pyjamas were rose-pink and he looked very guilty—so I didn't mention them. I also discovered that you could get a chit from the Major permitting you to buy handkerchiefs, but not pyjamas. I tried to make a pair from twenty-four handkerchiefs, but I think I must have cut out wrong, because it was a dismal failure.

'Everyone from His Majesty's Secretary of State downwards' Illustration by Private M. J. Brown

The idea of sleeping in your shirt, the Sergeant told me, was that in the event of a surprise attack in the middle of the night we should all be ready to advance or retreat at a moment's notice. I cannot help feeling even now, that it would look much smarter to charge in pyjama coat and trousers than in a shirt with the tail flapping about in the breeze.

I have got used to all sorts of things since I have been in the Army, but it took me ages to get used to this. I have been wearing pyjamas (with the coat tucked into the trousers) for over twenty-seven years—and I missed them. My legs got so cold and I found I could not sleep when my legs were cold. I was for a time at my wits' end.

I'm much better off now. My legs are quite acclimatised to all sorts of cold winds and even rain. I was transferred to a Highland Regiment three weeks ago.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PEOPLE OR THE PEERS?

THE tactical advantage of going to the country on the issue whether the nation should be governed by the People or the Peers, is that it forces the electors to face the unpleasant prospect of placing the Empire under the rule of the Peers till the close of the century. The Liberals have to play double or quits in the hope that the danger of enormously increasing the power of the aristocracy may drive a recalcitrant democracy into their camp. This of course is an advantage, inasmuch as it transfers the controversy from the past to the future, and enables Liberals to avoid inconvenient admissions as to the constitutional and moral justification which the Peers can plead for throwing out the Home Rule Bill.

IRISH DISUNION THE HOPE OF UNIONISM

THE danger of a crushing Liberal defeat may also lead the Irish factions to drop these internecine feuds. It would be well if Mr. Healy and Mr. Redmond and Mr. Justin McCarthy could be shut up like a jury without fire, food, or drink until they arrived at an agreement by which they could spike the Unionists' chief argument. That is based upon the rooted conviction that the Irish are a race afflicted, as by some strange curse, with an utter lack of that political common sense which finds expression in the give and take of sensible compromise, without which self-government is impossible.

OUR ONE CHANCE

THE Independent Labour Party shows no diminution of its zeal in the cause of Liberal disunion. Putting all these things together, it requires no prophetic eye to see that nothing but the most extraordinary patience and pluck on the part of Lord Rosebery can give the Liberals even a fair show at the polls. Patience, however, the first quality, as Peel declared, that is needed by a British Premier, Lord Rosebery possesses, and pluck also of the North British kind. His speeches at Glasgow and at the Lord Mayor's banquet have deepened the respect with which the young Premier is regarded even by those who differ from him. They were sinewy, straightforward and eloquent appeals to the massive common sense of the great public. They showed the more serious side of a statesman whose wit has sometimes so dazzled observers that they mistook what were flashes from the depths of the volcano for the fitful and uncertain gleam of summer lightning. That mistake will not survive this autumn, and that more accurate appreciation of the fighting force of Lord Rosebery is one of the most palpable advantages of the Recess.

In Liquidation. NOVEMBER 25th, 1905.

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THE REPUBLICAN UNITED STATES

THE most remarkable event of last month has been the phenomenal and almost unprecedented collapse of the Democratic Party at the November elections in the United States. There is sufficient semblance between the position of President Cleveland and Lord Rosebery to make the catastrophe echo unpleasantly on this side of the Atlantic. President Cleveland, like Lord Rosebery, reigns over a divided Party, which two years ago obtained a majority in the Lower House by a programme which resembled the Newcastle Programme in being far in advance of anything that the Upper House would pass. For Home Rule read Tariff for revenue only, for the Solid South the South and West of Ireland, and for Populists the Independent Labour Party—and we can figure out pretty clearly how the land lies. If Lord Rosebery had consented to pass some kind of a Local Government Bill for Ireland framed by the majority in the House of Lords instead of insisting on Home Rule, he would have been where President Cleveland found himself when the polls closed. The Democratic Party was simply snowed under by the ballot papers of the Republicans. The House of Representatives, which had a majority of ninety-one Democrats over the Republicans, will be replaced by a House with a Republican majority of ninety. In the Northern States the Republicans have wiped out their Democratic adversaries. It is one of the greatest landslides of modern politics.

SCIENCE FRONT

WHERE IS LONDON NOW?

It is no use getting out your atlas to have a look at the map of Southern England. You will not be able to answer this question accurately from it. You may, of course, rest a blind trust in the men who made the maps, but the bomber pilot, the artilleryman, the aimer of the latest secret weapon, cannot afford to; they have to try to get dead on the target, and a near miss is not good enough to satisfy them. For that matter scientists also are interested in the question. The astronomer must know exactly where his observatory is in the universe. He is prepared to be carried round on the earth's surface at 500 m.p.h. or so, and to dash round the sun at 20 miles per second, but if it is a fact that Britain is drifting slowly away from Europe out into mid-Atlantic somewhere, it will upset all his calculations.

The point is that a map is a static thing, a snapshot composed on certain basic assumptions —that the North Pole is always in the same spot, for instance. As a matter of fact, it isn't. Geologists and astronomers have been compelled to realise in the last twenty years that the earth's surface is always changing, and changing quite quickly, measurably from month to month and year to year. Dr. Kustner of Berlin recently showed, for example, that the true North Pole, one end of the earth's axis of rotation, has drifted nearly 10 feet south in ten years; not only that, but it is going round in a small circle of its own with a radius of 30 feet, taking 428 days to circulate. In other words, the earth is not quite steady on its axis: it has a tiny wobble. Perhaps this would not be important if only the magnetic North, to which the compass points, were stationary, instead of also on the move. Over short land distances, a map can be made by direct survey, but over great areas, including seas, it is not so easy. The ship and plane in mid-Atlantic, blown by the winds and carried by the currents, may be miles off course if they have no radio direction-finder or beam to guide them, so they must determine their latitude and longitude.

And in the same way a place such as Greenwich Observatory can determine its latitude and longitude daily by comparison with other observatories, and discover in which directions the land on which London is built is on the move, drifting perhaps on some subterranean current.

When a given star is directly overhead at Greenwich, it has still some way to rise at Washington, D.C., and if Greenwich radios Washington the time of transit, which can be done with an accuracy of ± 0.007 seconds, Washington can find out how far she is behind London in time, and therefore, knowing the speed of revolution of the earth, in space. The funny thing is that, if one makes frequent calculations of this distance, it is not always the same, even though one works out all the figures without an error. Washington and London vary in their distance apart—sometimes near, sometimes far, the values differing by as much as 120 feet.

PHANTOM LIMBS

No, this is not going to be a little chat on ghosts, nor startling revelations about spiritualism. It is plain, sober fact, and any surgeon will swear to it. It's a story about invisible arms and legs which sets a whole host of problems, not only to the scientist but to the philosopher and the clergyman, to all interested in the universe around them, and in the nature of man. It appears that, when a man loses an arm or leg, whether by accident or by surgery, for some time it continues to feel there still. If he had not eyes to convince him, or another hand to put out and touch, he would have no reason to suppose that any amputation had occurred. The absent limb feels there, lying under the bedclothes, perhaps rather cramped and stiff, only somehow he can't change its position to an easier one. Or maybe it throbs, or itches, or feels sticky: and that cut near the wrist is still hurting. These feelings are all well localised, particularly in the wrist and palm of the hand and fingers, and in the heels, the instep and the toes. He knows the limb is still there: only no one can see it or touch it; it is just a phantom.

Why is this? Does it mean that every part of our material body is paralleled by a non-material part of the soul, and that the surgeon's knife can sever only the living flesh, but not its spiritual counterpart? Are we to deduce from this conflict of the senses that all our sensory impressions of the world are doubtful and unreliable, and not to be taken for granted? The strict scientist pushes these questionings aside, and sternly asks for more facts. Well, we'll give him a few, and only a few more exist at present.

If you examine the stump where the limb was amputated, you will find inside the healing flesh, the ends of the living nerves, which once ran

nto the limb to supply its muscles and sense organs. But now the nerves end blindly in a tangled sensitive mass. If you give this mass an electric shock, nerve impulses will rush up to the brain, and be there interpreted as though coming from the organs with which the nerves originally connected. The man with a phantom limb will complain that you are twisting his phantom arm or pulling his phantom leg—and it hurts.

Usually these sensations die down after a while, as though the body had adapted itself to a limbless state. But in a few, the phantom limb continues to hurt with a perpetual, intractable pain, and the doctors are faced with a very severe problem. Operations on the amputation stump are useless: they merely change the apparent position of the phantom, and often make it more uncomfortable. Blocking the nerves by poison or cutting gives a temporary relief at best. The pain seems to find a new way to travel into the brain after a time. An American surgeon, Gutienez-Mahoney, has, however, just published a case of cure which, though very drastic, may prove to be the method of treatment. He argues that the thing to do is to smash the receiving centre in the brain, which he identifies by shocking the stump and picking up the resulting electrical messages of the nerves as they arrive in the brain. These messages come in to a small area on the surface of the cortex, somewhere along a line running over the top of the skull from ear to ear. So in his case he opened the skull, accurately mapped the receiving post, and then cut it out. The result was excellent: the man lost his painful phantom, and there was no other harm. And this gives us all the explanation the scientist can manage at present. It is that the grey matter of the cortex has not learnt to distinguish messages received from cut nerve ends from those received in normal working. Not satisfactory? Well, perhaps we should allow him more time to reply.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE GERMANS

THE problem of Germany has a place for brief discussion on this page, because like all practical problems it can be attacked by the scientific approach. People who write that scientists should have some say in government mean just this: they believe that the scientific method applied to political questions has something valuable to say, and they hope that the scientists, once outside their laboratories, will still be able to say it. The scientific approach differs from any other in being interested, not only, but overwhelmingly, in facts. Many political thinkers put ideals first; they regard the question to punish or not to punish Germany, for instance, as one which can be immediately discussed. Ought the Germans to be allowed to have any heavy industries? Shall we insist on reparations? Shall we refuse the Germans the chance to maintain international air-lines? The scientific thinker, on the other hand, believes that before approaching questions of principle of this kind, one must make a very careful investigation into all the relevant facts. It would be senseless to close down heavy industry in Germany, for example, before it has been ascertained whether the world does, or does not, need its products. It would be useless merely to tell the Germans at the Peace Table that they must forthwith adopt our style of parliamentary government and to force it on them, because we know that, in general, institutions pressed on a community which does not desire them make only a temporary stay. Who now remembers the British attempt in the eighteenth century to give Sicily representative government? We know, too, that rational argument, though sometimes powerful with individuals, is rarely effective with crowds; whereas with propaganda the reverse is true. There is still something to be learnt from the old Chinese custom of painting fierce tigers on the sides of their forts in place of mounting guns.

The scientific approach to the problem of peace demands the facts of human social behaviour how to influence crowds, which are the basic needs, and so on. It asks whether history, cautiously and critically used, can supply any hints on this, and turns to sociology, psychology and economics for guidance. With this basic knowledge, it can then begin to consider specific proposals, and relate them to specific facts in the state of a country. If you think of 're-educating Germany to a democratic viewpoint', whom do you suppose will undertake this task: the present German school teachers? One cannot create a new teaching body overnight.

In other words, the scientist, whilst recognising that one must have ideals as springs for action, accords these intentions a later place in the discussion. First must come the actual information about the state of Germany in resources and manpower, and in social inclinations of each social group, its political beliefs, its economic strength and weakness and its international connections. No war and no pious intentions can make eternal peace, or the world safe for democracy. It needs careful study of the actual facts of the end-of-the-war situation, and practicable proposals based on this—which, after all, is really plain commonsense: and that is all that science claims to be.

PIERCE EGAN'S

LIFE IN LONDON

REVIEWED BY AUBREY NOAKES

In one of his delightful Roundabout Papers, Thackeray looked back nostalgically to the days of his youth, and wrote of things seen and heard in the near-past as if they belonged to some remote age of legend and fable. He did so consciously and with an underlined purpose.

'We who lived before railways, and survive out of the ancient world,' he writes, 'are like Father Noah and his family out of the Ark. The children will gather around to say to us patriarchs, "Tell us, grandpapa, about the old world." And we shall mumble our old stories; and we shall drop off one by one; and there will be fewer and fewer of us, and these very old and feeble. There will be but ten prae-railroadites left: then three—then two—then one—then o!'

Thackeray recalls himself as a schoolboy, his desk laden with great books, Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Behind the great books, which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is, to quote the title in all its flourish and glory: *Pierce Egan's Life in London; or the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.; and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis. Embellished with thirty-six scenes from Real Life, designed and etched by I. R. and G. Cruikshank, and enriched with numerous original designs on Wood by the same artists.*

Some time previous to its appearance, a great taste had developed amongst the fashionable young bloods of the day for sporting works. The demand was handsomely met by obliging artists of such calibre as Henry Alken, Dighton, Heath, Brook, Rowlandson and, of course, the incredible Cruikshank family. One day it occurred to Egan that if Londoners were so eager for books about country and outdoor sports, why should not provincials, and even Londoners themselves, be eager to read about Life in London? The character of the proposed work was mentioned to George IV, who accepted the dedication—a dedication to Royalty which surely must rank amongst the most informal and casual in the records of such things. Egan's tone is one of assured and breezy familiarity.

On 15 July 1820, the first number was published by Messrs. Sherwood, Neely & Jones, of Paternoster Row, at one shilling. This foretaste of the complete work was quite enough. It took both town and country by storm. Edition after edition was rushed out, and supplied as fast as the illustrations could be got away from the small army of children and women who were colouring them. The demand increased with the next two numbers, and a new fashion in literature and drama was established, which was to find its highest peak of development fifteen years later with the appearance of the first number of *Pickwick*. All the announcements from Paternoster Row were of books depicting life in London. The dramatists were ready with their derivative versions, and tailors, bootmakers and hatters recommended nothing but Corinthian shapes and Tom and Jerry patterns.

Immediately the first number of *Life in London* appeared, out came Jones & Company of Finsbury Square with the following publication in sixpenny numbers: *Real Life in London; or the Rambles and Adventures of BOB TALLYHO, Esq., and his Cousin, the Hon. TOM DASHALL, through the Metropolis, Exhibiting a Living Picture of Fashionable Character, Manners and Amusements in High and Low Life, by an Amateur. Embellished and Illustrated with a Series of Coloured Prints. Designed and Engraved by Messrs. Heath, Alken, Dighton, Rowlandson, etc.*

This work is the most important of all the sixty-five imitations—Egan claims that there were this number—which appeared. Some authorities have held that Egan wrote it, and it usually appears in booksellers' catalogues under his name. Actually, it is a much better book than Egan's, and shows many more sides of London life.

This, however, is no occasion to delve into the fascinating abracadabra of Egan bibliography. Delightful as such an excursion would be to collectors and amateurs of literary curiosa, most of my readers, I fear only too well, would regard such a departure from the main narrative as a plague and a bore. So be it!

Pierce Egan's book was a tremendous success.

It was imitated widely, and, further, it had an interesting history in its dramatic form. The most famous stage version, *Tom and Jerry*, was written by Tom Moncrieff, the prince of burletta-writers, after young Robinson Planche had refused to dramatise a work which he considered was of low moral tone, and negligible literary merit.

Although the plot was ostensibly Egan's, credit was widely given to George Cruikshank, whereas the original notion and designs were mostly Robert Cruikshank's. He planned them while showing a brother-in-law just returned from China some of the sights of London. The characters Tom, Jerry and Logic were modelled on himself, his brother-in-law, and Pierce Egan.

Learned prognostications as to the authorship of *Life in London*, however, will always strike anyone who knows Egan's book as rather fatuous, since the plot, if indeed it can be termed a plot at all, is stereotyped and threadbare: a disjointed series of scenes and incidents written up merely to accompany the Cruikshank plates. These plates really *make* the book; and it will be recalled that Thackeray, fondly remembering how much he had enjoyed *Life in London*, in surreptitious, schoolboy fashion many years before, went to the British Museum to renew his acquaintance with the work. He sadly ad-admitted that, 'if you will press the question so closely, on re-perusal, *Tom and Jerry* is not so brilliant as I had supposed it to be. The pictures are just as fine as ever; and I shook hands with broad-backed Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom with delight, after many years' absence.' Thackeray continues, 'But the style of writing, I own, was not pleasing to me; I even thought it a little vulgar—well! well! other writers have been considered vulgar—and, as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the ancient times, more curious than amusing.'

'More curious than amusing'. In this phrase Thackeray sums up all worth-while critical opinion on the book.

It is time now to consider the plot. Corinthian Tom was left an orphan at the age of twenty-five, when he came into considerable wealth. He was the gayest of the gay; pleasure was his idol; novelty his ruling passion. When tired of his adventures he went to bed; when rested he arose and sought out fresh adventures. He excelled at boxing, driving, fencing, and all manly sports; he was a keen race-goer, dog-fancier and squire of dames . . . 'not vicious from principle: although it might be urged his morals would not bear the strictest investigation of propriety, yet were to be attributed more, perhaps, to the light and airy dispositions of his "companions", than as emanating from himself!'

His chief friend was Bob Logic, the Oxonian, who left the university with more knowledge of Bacchus and Venus than of mathematics or logic. A man about town, he was busily destroying a fine constitution, and reducing a long purse, in the routine Regency manner. Tom looked upon him as a model, but pupil outstripped master in double-quick time, although it cost him his health. Dr. Pleas'em, a fashionable practitioner, who might well serve as a type for a Cronin novel, recommended country air.

Tom bade farewell to lovely Corinthian Kate, and left town for the Somerset estate of his uncle, Squire Hawthorn, where he made a great impression on his cousin, Jerry Hawthorn. The country cousin returns to town with the hero, and learns just how a fashionable buck with a comfortable income should behave—or is it misbehave?

His green coat and leather gaiters are contemptuously thrown aside at Corinthian House, and Jerry finds himself being measured for a fashionable suit by Mr. Primefit. Bob Logic lends a hand as his tutor in town ways, reminding the young man, in the flash lingo of the hour, that he is 'not yet out of Pupil's Straits, and must not be blown up at Point Nonplus.'

Ya, hip! The pursuit of *Life*, writ large and italicised, has begun—and where a better place to start than Hyde Park, microcosm of the fashionable world? There Jerry's companions point out a veteran *roué* named Old Evergreen; Bill Dash, a frank libertine; the Hon. Dick Trifle, hero of the dandies, and affectation personified; Plausible Jack, the gamester, looking for pigeons to pluck; and the lovely Duchess of Hearts, whose adorers were legion, not to mention the Marchioness of Diamonds, the acknowledged leader of fashion.

In a saloon at Covent Garden Jerry was bombarded with the cards of lovely Cyprians—ladies of the town, so called from the island of Cyprus, one of the chief seats of the worship of Venus . . . but the heroes cannot stay. A *sluicery*, or public house, is next on the programme, where all manner of seedy, shiftless vagrants were to be found 'sluicing their ivories' with 'blue ruin' (gin). The evening concluded with a visit to a coffee-house. Did we say 'concluded'? They had come in search of *Life*—and they got it! The 'kids' started a row with the 'swells', and a confused fight took place, in which the Watch were knocked about. Tom and Jerry found themselves in the Watch-house.

Jerry's education was furthered by a visit to

'Tom and Jerry larking at a Masquerade Supper at the Opera House'

the Bond Street rooms of Gentleman John Jackson, pugilistic professor-in-chief to the aristocracy and Corinthian 'blades'. Then on to Tom Cribb's 'public', and a hazy atmosphere compounded equally of tobacco smoke, the fumes of 'heavy wet' and flash, sporting talk. A terrific fight for a hundred guineas took place at Westminster Pit between a twelve-pound dog, Jacco Maccacco, and a twenty-pound dog.

The gentle art of 'boxing a Charley' was mastered. These 'Charleys', sorry predecessors of Peel's new police, were notoriously incompetent. Leigh Hunt contemptuously dismissed them as 'more coat than man . . . immensely useless'. These pathetic, shambling upholders of the law were accustomed to sit in sentry-boxes, and it was the habit of roistering Corinthians to turn these boxes over and leave the imprisoned, discomforted occupants, shouting for help. Fun? Rather!

Jerry showed that a countryman could teach the Corinthians a thing or two at Tattersall's, where he saved Tom from buying a dud horse. Jerry fell in love with Sue, the friend and supposed foil of Corinthian Kate, Tom's companion. They all visited Carlton House, and Egan gives us a detailed description of the royal residence, dripping with fulsome praise and familiar loyalty.

In the condemned yard at Newgate the Corinthians witnessed the chains being knocked off malefactors about to be hanged. 'What hardened ferocity in the countenance of the desperado in yellow breeches!' Thackeray exclaims. He is writing of the Cruikshank plate of the Newgate scene. 'What compunction in the face of the gentleman in black (who, I suppose, has been forging), and who clasps his hands, and listens to the chaplain!'

The company was rather mixed at All-Max in the East End, a 'dive' frequented by lascars, blacks, sailors, coal-heavers and coloured women. Bob Logic had a grand time there with a black girl on one knee and Flashy Nance on the other. By way of contrast, the Corinthians followed this up with a visit to exclusive Almacks, where they mingled freely with peeresses and the ultra-fashionables. Cock-fighting and gambling, the Italian Opera, and the Fleet Prison, were all patronised in turn.

Naturally enough, the excitement of this sort of life told on Jerry Hawthorn and after a last fling at the White Horse Cellar, he returned to the country to rest up awhile. By that time Jerry could say with truth that his schooling in town ways had been extraordinarily thorough.

'The doings of Tom and Jerry and the Oxonian may be highly coloured, as are the illustrations with which the Cruikshanks embellished these books of weird and wondrous records,' writes Beresford Chancellor, 'but they possess a substratum of fact, and give, perhaps better than any other chronicle, a picture of the habits of the man about town of that full and boisterous time.'

Therein lies its fascination, and abiding value.

NEW BOOKS

MAKERS OF MODERN STRATEGY

Princeton University Press. 25s.

This book, which traces military thought from Machiavelli to Hitler, is edited by Edward Mead Earle, one of the most outstanding American writers on strategical and historical subjects. In twenty chapters, military history and the contemporary strategical conception are examined by Earle's collaborators of the Seminary of Military Affairs, Earle himself contributes two illuminating chapters: No. 6. 'The Economic Foundations of Military Power', and an Epilogue, 'The Nazi Concept of War'.

The subjects covered range over land as well as air and naval strategy. Naturally in naval strategy the chapter on Mahan is of the greatest interest. In the same part falls a treatise on 'Japanese Naval Strategy' by Alexander Kiralfy, which corrects the assumption that a Japanese naval leader would follow either Continental or British or American methods, and analyses the Japanese mentality in this most important sphere of war. This chapter has a fresher and more original outlook than those on land strategy, which form a compendium, though a careful one, of matters well known to the military student. Hans Speier, in his chapter on Ludendorff, 'The German Concepts of War', largely disposes of the undue fame with which this general managed to surround himself, but recognises Ludendorff's important contribution to the development of 'Total War' by bringing politics and economics into play behind military operations.

The problem whether the politician even as civilian should ultimately direct strategy, or whether it should be left to the professional soldier, is well discussed in Harvey A. de Weerd's chapter on 'Churchill, Lloyd George, Clemenceau—The Emergence of the Civilian'. But here, perhaps, the editor seems to have allowed the design of the book to become confused. The original intention of the editor and his collaborators, one supposes, was to present an objective compilation of past and present theories without much attempt to direct the reader to a conclusion. Here certain preconceptions are imposed. The accounts are almost exclusively based on the records of these three political leaders, and justice is hardly done to Foch and Haig, although the former is discussed together with du Picq in a chapter on 'The French School'. To balance such a chapter properly, the professional might have been given greater consideration.

This is a selective outline of the book, with special attention to the more successful chapters, and not in the order in which the editor has presented them. He divides the book into five sections: I. The Origins of Modern War; II. The Classics of the Nineteenth Century; III. From the Nineteenth Century to the First World War; IV. From the First to the Second World War; V. Sea and Air War.

In over 500 pages the editor and his collaborators have produced a work which, despite the apparent shortcomings seen by the reviewer, has great value: its easy language, the lucid interpretation of technicalities (in older treatises incomprehensible to the layman). They have brought the entire problem of strategy and its close link with military history into a form that can be grasped by any attentive reader, without the aid of professional or academic training.

Most of the co-authors have been—like Mr. Earle—employed at the Office of Strategic Services of the United States Government, and this book is one of the most important fruits of their work and studies. This announcement made by the publishers helps us to understand why on certain occasions the authors, consciously or unconsciously, have left the path of objectivity and landed in the field of national prejudice. Although these deviations are slight in relation to the whole, they count heavily in a book that has the design of a strategical encyclopædia.

W. E. HART

THE AMERICAN PROBLEM

By D. W. Brogan. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER

By Margaret Mead. *Pelican Books.* 9d.

The first of these studies was written for British, the second for American readers.

Professor Brogan is, of course, no armchair savant; he consumes ice-cream in small-town drug-stores, admires Cole Porter, enjoys the movies, swaps a snappy anecdote. Yet his knowledge of American history, literature, politics, and society is profound.

Accordingly, no one is better qualified than he to resolve one part of the problem, which is 'to render intelligible the American view of

the world.' (The analysis involves a dangerous degree of generalisation, in view of the author's admission of regional diversities.) Here, therefore, the reader can understand the process of Americanisation and the origin of isolationism; why British Colonial policy is mistrusted; the type of war an American likes to wage; why the Japanese are considered Public Enemy No. 1, and why the American himself is over-confident, speculative, impressed more by quantity than quality, anti-militarist (though not anti-military) and loyal to the Constitution.

If his erudition is occasionally tiresome, so that the reader is sometimes stunned by a profusion of allusions and references, Professor Brogan is at all times warm and human. Thus the development of modern America is shown in terms not of laws and battles and presidents, but of men; the milestones of progress are the advent of the bicycle, the refrigerator, the aeroplane—rewards for the years of strife and endeavour.

The second part of the problem is 'to render intelligible the outside world to America'; to show the necessity of reconciling national economy with the needs of a new world society. This, says the author, requires the combination of unity with diversity. The American has achieved this at home; if he brings to the task equal enterprise and tenacity, he can achieve it abroad.

Miss Mead, who has married an Englishman, is also accustomed to mixing with the people she studies. She too, in *The American Character*, has produced a work of considerable breadth and value, occasionally overlaid, however, with professional jargon. For hers is the psychological approach, and the ordinary reader who would understand American must be prepared for such conceptions as incest taboos, sibling rivalries, behaviour patterns, and so forth.

Yet the conclusions she reaches as to American thought, character, and potentialities are similar. And from them she can answer certain questions. Have victories encouraged an aggressive or imperialist spirit? Will a fallen foe be treated in the Anglo-Saxon manner? Will the cynicism of the inter-war period persist? Most important of all, will Americans, who have 'realised their dreams in steel and concrete' strive equally to realise the more abstract dream of international co-operation? Will the problem of the relationship of man to man be solved, as was that of man to nature? Their traditional faith in the right and in the power of science supplies the answer—'Trust in God, and keep your powder dry!'

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TEN MODERN PROPHETS

By J. B. Coates. *Muller*. 8s. 6d.

In an age of scientific development racing ahead of social advancement, men of high technical education tend to accept without question whatever moral view of the universe is dinned into them by political propagandists. The results being daily more hideously obvious to critic and condoner alike, now is the time to consider every possibility before being caught up again in the orbit of some braver, newer world. And for a rapid conspectus, J. B. Coates opportunely presents his digest of the views of *Ten Modern Prophets*.

The chosen ten are Gerald Heard, Aldous and Julian Huxley, Joad, D. H. Lawrence, John Macmurray, Marx, Middleton Murry, Olaf Stapledon and Wells. Marx is included because his, more than any other, system of ideas affected the inter-war intellectual climate. In general, however, the younger prophets have moved away from Marxist determinism. All stress the need for moral and psychological changes as antecedents of right social change. To Marx economic change came essentially first: the rest were assumed to follow.

Psychological antecedents to escape from the present world impasse naturally take on various complexions here. But under Murry's and Macmurray's regenerated Christianity, the demands of Wells and Julian Huxley for widespread education and biological adjustment, under the personal faith sought by Joad and Stapledon, or Heard's and Aldous Huxley's insistence on Brahministic vision and self-discipline, there lies one aim. It is the discovery of a new moral purpose interpreting both personal and social life, an ethic which translates traditional virtues in practical political terms.

ALAN WALBANK

TOLSTOY

By Professor Lavrin. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

'Art is a lie, and I can no longer love a beautiful lie.' Thus wrote Tolstoy at the age of 32 when all his major work still lay ahead, unwritten. It shows that the great change that came over him in middle age was no sudden illumination, but another stage of a painful, inevitable journey. He is perhaps the clearest example in all literature (partly because we know so much about him) of the split man who resolves his inner conflicts by projecting them into characters of his own creation. This deep cleavage between the will and the emotions, between the pressure of sensual passion and the insistent longing for perfection never left him; it is, in fact, an essential clue to all his writing and to his stormy, unhappy life.

Art and didacticism go ill together, even in such a great writer as Tolstoy. The detached observer cannot preach, and so he turned from fiction to writing tracts. In later years he never mentioned his novels except in terms of disapproval. Turgenev never quite forgave him—'our greatest writer'—for wantonly throwing away his magnificent talent.

Professor Lavrin, in a short study, has attempted to interpret Tolstoy as a man, writer and prophet. The evidence available is voluminous: the great novels, *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, and the shorter stories, the polemic tracts on Art and Religion, the Diaries where all the hesitations and failures of his private life are exposed. They have all been sifted with insight, and the result is an introduction which does justice to the many facets of Tolstoy's contradictory character.

R. A. WILLIAMS

MODERN AMERICAN USAGE

(2nd Edition.) By H. W. Horwill. *Oxford-Clarendon Press*. 8s. 6d.

The similarity between this book and Fowler's *Modern English Usage* ends with the title and the cover. Fowler's 'ambition was to help English people to use their own language more correctly'—the author's is to explain the differences in idiom and words used by both English and Americans.

Although an Englishman, the author is not always exact in his statements on current English practice. For example, in acknowledging the source of an illustration a journal does not say 'By favour of', but 'By courtesy of . . .', which he would have us believe is an American idiom. The statement that Superintendent is a word only used in connection with special schools suggests that the author has never come into contact with the police, nor visited a mental hospital or workhouse.

Here are one or two words for inclusion in the next edition: Teller (cashier), Drapes (*n.*) (curtains), Campus (quadrangle?), and Snickered (which in England applies more to horses than humans).

Some important points in construction and phrasing are brought out in the introduction, which is a concise and well-written essay on those differences in expression which will always distinguish the two English-speaking races.

A good book to have in the library and to take on the voyage to America after the war.

G. PARR

THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

By V. Sackville-West.

Published under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. 5s.

What the late Mr. Wendell Willkie said of the President of the Independent Soviet Republic of Yakutsk will do for the first six chapters of Miss Sackville-West's *The Women's Land Army*: her enthusiasm knows no subtleties. If I hadn't read any more—and I baulked pretty badly when I met that old favourite: 'Of course, it would be absurd to pretend that everything in the Women's Land Army has invariably been perfect'—I should have said that it'd be a far, far better thing if literary big shots like Miss Sackville-West left the plebeian word-building of propaganda to cunning old hacks like me. And, but for the fact that the literary clichés (and worse) in the first six chapters of this W.L.A. history tempted me to go specimen-hunting deeper in the interior of the book, I should never have discovered that when Miss West has brought up what she's been told she ought to say, and settles down to digest what she really wants to express, the change in the flavour of the writing is as startling as liqueur brandy after fish and chips.

Indeed, this booklet might well be adopted as a text-book by one of those 'How To Be A Writer' schools with the first six chapters labelled 'before' and the rest 'after'. Miss West actually begins by calling the W.L.A. 'the Cinderella of the Women's Services', describes its H.Q. as a 'hive', calls a Land Girl 'the most cheerful of mortals', and introduces the W.L.A.'s Hon. Director, Lady Denman, with enough adjectival praise to launch a garden party.

It's awful. But, having worked her way through 'the rind', to use Miss West's own so appropriate word for it, she reaches 'the kernel, which is the land girl herself.' And, from that moment (Chapter VII) Miss West kicks the muck off her boots and writes as memorably as Miss Sackville-West can.

Her descriptions of the Land Girl's life in different jobs from forestry to ratting, from the itchy sweat of haymaking to the shivering labour of morning milking, are sheer poetry. And her word picture of the town-bred milkmaid, alarmed by the dawn silence and emptiness of the countryside, is inspired. It's grand stuff, written by a real countrywoman and a great artist.

I wish Miss Sackville-West had left out those first six chapters.

MACDONALD HASTINGS

Self-Portrait. From *Augustus John, Paintings and Drawings*, by John Rothenstein. About 100 illustrations, including four plates in full colour. *The Phaidon Press.* 20s.

SILENT SENTINELS

By Commander R. Langton-Jones, R.N.

Muller. 10s. 6d.

This is more than a history of the beacon-lighting of those intricate Bahamian channels with which the author, as Inspector of the century-old Imperial Lighthouse Service, is especially conversant. Nor is the narrative confined to the constructional and operational technique of lighthouses, or the heroism and endurance of lighthouse-keepers. Its pages are filled also with the exploits of wreckers, slavers, and pirates, stories of strange seabirds, and much other romantic matter. Indeed, at an early stage of his book the gallant author trespasses even into the province of political history, for the Pharos of Alexandria reminds him of New York skyscrapers, and New York recalls the Treaty of Breda of 1674, and at that period 'the reigning king of England was Charles Stuart, better known as Charles the Second, the eldest son of King Charles the First who had been executed in 1649 as a result of a mock trial set up by Oliver Cromwell.' Happily this ingenious digression into a controversial field is brief and the breezy passage of illuminated ocean highways is quickly resumed. For all fortunate people whose hearts beat faster at the thought of islands—whether iron-bound or girt with sandy beaches—narrow sea passages, navigation lights and kindred impulses, this is an enchanting book.

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THE RAZOR'S EDGE

By W. Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

Crowded with urbane company, frothy conversation, with intrigue, and romance neatly balanced by a sardonical pen, Maugham's novels have always had the reputation of not being dull. He has usually given his characters something bright to say.

But times have changed. It seems the jokes and *bon mots* of yesterday no longer evoke unrestrained laughter; the same may be said for the sophisticated fun-poking, the clever twists to situations, the ruthless dressing and undressing in Maugham's present comedy of manners and morals of Americans in Europe during the gay 'twenties.

It is too bad one cannot get more excited about this new novel; for as novels go *The Razor's Edge* is eminently readable. One hardly feels the time slip by while reading it, but then on the other hand there is little to remember about the book after finishing it. Larry Darrell is a simple (too simple for my taste) young American who has never got over a disturbing shock to his psyche while flying in the last war at seventeen. Maugham tries to give us a complete picture of him, as well rounded as he can from piecing together bits of information, snatches of conversation and recollections of people who crossed our elusive hero's path. The result is a plotless, disorganised narrative held together by a running commentary from the author himself who takes the reader along with him to America, England and the Continent in search of his roving Job who has thrown over his fiancée and worldly fame to seek the Absolute, and an answer to the problem of evil. Larry's feverish quest drives him into the arms of several predatory women but it is Yoga, the meditative philosophy of the East, which finally finishes him off.

Our novelist is at his best with the foils he places in his central figure's way. They are entertaining, if not always likeable, people.

At the head of the list is Elliot Templeton, arch-snob, who left America for the social whirl of Europe's high society, content to fawn over titled personages and wealthy dowagers. Then there is Sophie Macdonald, nymphomaniac, drug addict and drunkard, who wrote poetry when she was a child in Illinois, who had a lovely soul and a great, generous heart. Larry sought to marry her and save her soul, and when she met a violent death he could see a tragic nobility in her end. There is also Isabel who was beautiful but coolly determined, who loved Larry but married Gray

'What if I'd *stayed home every night curled up with a book—where would* you *be?'* NEW YORKER

Mathurin for security and social position. Suzanne Rouvier is, perhaps, Maugham's most successful characterisation, even if it borders more on the side of caricature at times. Suzanne's shrewd peasant qualities and Gallic sense of humour enable her always to land on her two feet. It is her unflinching grip on reality which eventually brings her professional fame as a second-rate painter and also a rich marriage.

Maugham confesses that he began this novel with misgiving. An incurable and, what is more, confirmed hedonist, he is, as he admits, 'of the earth, earthy'. He cannot step into the shoes or enter into the heart of anyone so removed from the common run of men as Larry Darrell. A writer with Maugham's ability to draw vividly from life need not necessarily be in love with his protagonist but he must at least feel some kinship, some stronger alliance than cold curiosity. No matter how strongly the author felt compelled at the time to tell us about the mystical wanderings of Larry Darrell—Maugham is expressing very much his own sentiments on man's chances toward spiritual salvation when he holds up the empty shells, the drab achievements of these purposeless lives in *The Razor's Edge* and audaciously claims they represent success. 'For all the persons with whom I have been concerned got what they wanted,' concludes Mr. Maugham. But did they? At the most I should have said they enjoyed Pyrrhic victories.

RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

Hunger By A. Hoffmeister. From *Jesters in Earnest*. Cartoons by the Czechoslovak Artists. *John Murray*. 10s. 6d.

RED SURGEON
By George Borodin. *Museum Press*.
15s.

George Borodin and Maxim Murov were boys together in Tsarist Russia. The Revolution separated them; Borodin came to England and became a surgeon here; Murov served as a surgeon in the Red Army of those days before completing his training and becoming a research worker of international reputation and one of Soviet Russia's most distinguished surgeons. The boyhood friendship survived revolution and a long separation, and in his new book Borodin sketches Murov's character and career and edits his friend's wartime diary. The extracts from the diary form the greater part of the book: they are interesting for the glimpse they give of the Red Army's medical service, its system of groups (of clinics, almost) for front-line work, and of a kind of medical flying column developed for work with the partisans. They would have been more valuable, and more interesting to the layman, if more space had been given to such new techniques, referred to in passing, as the use of corpse blood for transfusions, of graftings from corpses, and of the preservation of nerves for graftings. One wonders how much the diary has been 'fictionalised'—Murov's love affair comes a little too pat, and the heroic Russians and the Nazi brutes seem too white and too black, and speak too aptly in character for the diary to ring quite true as the work of a man with Murov's intellectually inquisitive attitude to life. Borodin, in fact, seems to have made no more of his material than a sub-editor on any popular Sunday newspaper would have done; one has the impression that the material deserved more serious handling.

CYRIL RAY

BRITAIN IN THE AIR
By Nigel Tangye. *Collins'* 'Britain in Pictures' Series. 4s. 6d.

This is a welcome addition to the series, for in the field of aeronautics British men and women have played a vital part, and it is not untimely to remind us of it now. Three classes of men figure in the story of man's conquest of the air—the designer, the flyer and the patron; and this country can be legitimately proud of the many notable British names in each. Mr. Tangye's very readable essay brings in the names we all know: designers like A. V. Roe and Mitchell, such famous pilots as Alcock and Brown, Scott, Sir Alan Cobham, Mollison and Amy Johnson; but he also gives an appreciation of such pioneers as Sir George Cayley and P. S. Pilcher, whose names are little known to the general public. He stresses the part that was played by such 'patrons' as Lord Wakefield and Lady Houston, especially important because officialdom's attitude towards flying enterprise was for long one of antagonism and indifference. The book is illustrated by numerous reproductions of engravings and paintings, many unfamiliar.

BRITISH MAPS AND MAP-MAKERS
By Edward Lynam. *Collins'* 'Britain in Pictures' Series. 4s. 6d.

We are all very map-conscious these days: there must be few homes which do not have pinned on a wall one or other of the many available maps showing the war fronts. It is fitting, therefore, that such a volume as this should be included in the flourishing 'Britain in Pictures' series. Writing with an expert's knowledge, Mr. Lynam traces the history of British map-making from the first, curiously distorted, map of England drawn by Matthew Paris, the historian, round about the year 1250, to the latest edition of the Ordnance Survey, whose maps are now not only the best in the world but the most artistic. Our map-makers have not been uninfluenced by Continental technicians (notably by the sixteenth-century Flemings) but on balance they have led the world. Thus, Saxton's national atlas, brought out in 1579, was the first produced by any country; Dudley's maritime atlas (1646–47) was well ahead of its time; whilst Ogilby's road maps (1675), on a scale of one inch to the mile, were the first of their kind in the world.

Mr. Lynam pays much attention to the engraving, and the artistic embellishments, of the old maps; the numerous illustrations allow us to see for ourselves some of the most exquisite examples of the engraver's and colourist's art.

R. MILES

POEMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Translated by Forrest Reid. *Faber & Faber.* 5s.

The Greek Anthology is a vast collection of short poems written during the thousand years which lay equally before and after the beginning of the Christian era. Forty known poets and a dozen anonymous poets are represented in this small volume which is to be taken, we are told in an interesting and illuminating preface, as representative of Forrest Reid's own taste rather than of the huge collection from which they are drawn.

A remark of Anatole France brought comfort to Forrest Reid: the remark that Leconte de Lisle (who spent a lifetime in translating Greek masterpieces) knew not a word of Greek. For Reid 'hammered out' his translations with the aid of 'cribs' exactly in the same spirit as that in which a small boy makes his drawing or composes his poetry—for his own private pleasure. To my mind Forrest Reid should find great comfort also in the knowledge that his 'private pleasure' will bring pleasure to so many people. And Faber & Faber could not have produced a nicer-looking book—even in peacetime.

THE DESK DRAWER ANTHOLOGY

Compiled by Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Theodore Roosevelt. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

As the result of a conversation Theodore Roosevelt once had with Alexander Woollcott in which it was debated whether it was possible to get the people of America to select their own anthology, Woollcott asked his radio audience to send in verses they had cut out and were keeping.

More than 40,000 poems were submitted—and in due course the editors made their final selection. The Desk Drawer Anthology is, naturally enough, almost completely American. Two or three British poems that were sent in a great number of times, such as 'A Prayer Found in Chester Cathedral', are included. It is an interesting point that, with over 40,000 contributions, no one poem was sent in more than 46 times—'Prayer for a Very New Angel' by Violet Alleyn Storey having the most entries.

It is perhaps understandable that the poems in the main are incredibly sentimental and amazingly simple.

LESLEY SAXBY

BALKAN BACKGROUND

By Bernard Newman. *Robert Hale.* 15s.

Here is a gallant attempt to awaken our concern for one of the depressed areas of Europe, in the soil of which swords have ever been more plentiful than ploughshares. It represents 'the minimum of what we ought to know about the Balkans if we are to form an opinion.' Our ignorance is indeed deplorable—as disconcerting, the author complains, as our lack of interest. He has met people of average intelligence who have yet to learn to distinguish between the Balkans and the Baltic. As for our lack of interest, even in high places, he asserts that when King Boris of Bulgaria visited England in 1938 Mr. Chamberlain was only able to spare him twenty minutes. He holds that it is high time we sat up and took real notice of the Balkans, for if in 1945 the Great Powers do not make a more inspired approach to their problems than they did in 1919, the world will be heading for further disasters. This is probably a sound view. The problems are not, however, easy of solution, although Mr. Newman outlines a Balkan Charter that almost makes them appear so. Indeed, a more involved tangle of races, creeds, economic disabilities, and historic and territorial feuds and jealousies, never called for unravelling. Hitherto the Powers most nearly concerned have been intent on exploiting differences rather than harmonising discords. It remains to be seen if there is enough wisdom in the world to ensure for these indomitable and long-suffering breeds economic wellbeing and a lasting peace. 'The peasant has a poor publicity value,' says Mr. Newman bitterly, but self-interest alone demands a determined effort to give him a fair deal in the Balkans. The author writes with knowledge and sympathy. His story abounds with startling facts and arresting contrasts. He has written a lively, engrossing, and—it is to be hoped—timely book.

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

'I'm so glad you're a writer—I'm just full of themes and ideas'

WORLD PRESS REVIEW

One King

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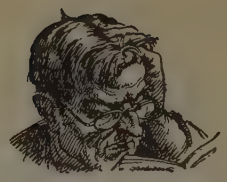

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PRISONER OF WAR

By Noel Barber. *Harrap*. 8s. 6d.

A PRISONER IN GERMANY

By Robert Guerlain. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

To those who have a relative or friend in the enemy's hands, Mr. Barber's account of the life led by British prisoners of war in Germany, and in Italy before the capitulation, will have especial value; but it should have interest for all of us, whether we have suffered this loss or not. Building up his picture from the prisoners' own letters and from Red Cross reports, Mr. Barber shows how life goes on in Oflag and Stalag: the food our men receive, the work they do, the entertainment they make for themselves—what a revelation of resource and ingenuity that is—and the study classes they have organised in the most trying of circumstances. He shows the great value, psychological as well as physical, of the food parcels sent out by the Red Cross, but stresses the fact that, while the food situation is totally unsatisfactory and only saved from being disastrous by reason of these parcels, the greatest starvation is of the mind. The greatest impression one receives from this comprehensive and sober account is of the resourcefulness, the high courage and unbroken morale of our men under conditions which must try the stoutest heart.

Mr. Barber devotes one chapter to the Allied non-English-speaking prisoners of war; *A Prisoner in Germany* shows us this side of the picture in much greater detail, for Mr. Guerlain, a French soldier, was captured in June 1940, and spent more than a year in a large German prison camp. His story is particularly interesting for its account of how the broken spirit of the French prisoners of war gradually mended and gained strength as the first numbing shock of defeat wore off. The unbroken morale of British prisoners was one factor that helped to bring hope and confidence to the humiliated Frenchmen. It is also of value for its glimpses of the German home front. With the invasion of Germany a reality, the presence there of several million Allied prisoners of war is a point of great importance that should not be overlooked.

R. ANDERSON

LATEST FROM U.S.A.

If all plans materialise, Manhattan's famous skyline is in for considerable change. It is announced that over a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of projects for New York City alone await only go ahead signal. Planning Commission reports total of 1,270,000,000 dollars in public and semi-public projects already in contract stage, including slum clearance, parkway and highway work, new prisons, fire and police department buildings, libraries, museums and airports. Fifty-one storey tower, that will rise 574 feet, and cost five million dollars, is proposed for Lower Manhattan, while tallest new building for Midtown area is forty-two storey, rising 495 feet. Greatest of all privately-planned jobs will be thirty-five big apartment-buildings in one group, each thirteen stories, and spaced in park-like community of seventy-five acres.

Getting domestic help in New York has become a major problem. Hotels are so short-staffed that housekeepers, linen room chiefs and other dignitaries are compelled to take a turn at room cleaning, while in hotel-owned apartments, tenants no longer have service assured, and must do their own bedmaking, cleaning and washing-up. If questing a servant, the first thing to do is to get in touch with Household Employment Office of United States Employment Service. That does not mean a call in person! The organisation, terrified of being mobbed by determined and loquacious housewives, refuses to admit personal callers to its carefully guarded precincts. You must telephone! The organisation has several lines, and a recent check reveals that in a single day there were seven hundred completed calls, and 2,500 'line busy' signals. Each interviewer handles one telephone call every forty-five seconds.

Calls are now being accepted only between the hours of one and three. No waiting lists are kept, and only so many orders as can be filled are accepted. Minimum rates for steady work are fifty-five cents per hour, with sixty cents for casual or few hours' work a week. Useless to ask for 'sleeping'. There aren't any, but should one miraculously turn up, she can demand anything from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars weekly, plus 'all found'. As for cooks, a really good one gets a minimum of forty dollars a week, whether she 'sleeps in' or not.

DORIS SHERIDAN, New York
Exclusive Cable to *World Review*

CROSS-SECTION
OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

A. Crossman

Chinese Accused of Faking War

SENSATIONAL accounts of the situation were given by two Americans who have just left Chungking and are thus free of the Chinese censorship for the first time.

They declared that Chiang Kai-Shek insisted on getting rid of Stilwell because the U.S. General demanded that the Chinese leader should make peace with the 80,000,000 Chinese Communists and step up his effort against Japan.

The charge is now made that Chiang is not only fighting harder against the Communists than against the Japanese, but that he is hoarding Lease-Lend material for a civil war.

Brooke Atkinson, *New York Times* correspondent, wrote last night that the U.S. Government, in consenting to the recall of Stilwell, had committed itself to the support of a Chinese régime which was inefficient, corrupt, dictatorial —and increasingly distrusted by the Chinese people.

Thorburn Wiant, Associated Press correspondent, back in London after two years in China, wrote: 'There is probably no more efficient dictatorship than Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's party.

'There are secret police, concentration camps and firing squads for those who dare to speak, or write, or act out of turn. There are also ingenious means of applying "do-it-or-else" pressure.

'For years, China has been kept on the verge of falling apart.

'This may sound strange to the Allied people. Why haven't they been kept informed? First, because of Chinese censorship. Second, because Washington held the hope that the mess could be cleaned up.

'But the mess became so bad that Stilwell finally was recalled.

'Stilwell always was eager to fight the Japs in China without delay. But the Generalissimo apparently figured the Americans would do the job for him eventually, and that he could hoard most of his resources for the civil war.

'As far back as early 1943 one observer told me how Lease-Lend material was being saved up for the civil war, and that about 1,000,000 Chinese troops were sparring with the Communists.

'He said in many sectors Chinese troops were resisting the Japanese only on a token basis, that goods were passing, freely in many areas, from the Japanese to the Chinese, and vice versa.

'There was a standing joke among correspondents that equipment had been transported from one battlefield to another for the benefit of newsmen.

'One correspondent claimed he had scratched his initials on one helmet, and saw it again a few months later—on another "cold" battlefield.

'The Chinese in Burma fought well principally because Stilwell was constantly on the spot to see that they fought well.'

Daily Mirror

Millers' War Profits

THE secret of the wartime profit which the flour-milling industry gets in public money paid over by the Ministry of Food is out at last.

The profit is about 13 per cent on capital.

And that figure does not include the Co-operative Wholesale Society, who provide a fifth of the flour output and whose accounts show a higher percentage owing to 'special circumstances'.

The disclosures were made last night in a report of the Public Accounts Committee—which asked for the information last year. The profit has been estimated from information supplied by the milling industry's accountants.

The Treasury's view is that the figures are not high enough to make it necessary to revise the whole basis on which the food trades have been dealt with under wartime controls.

The Public Accounts Committee point out that the return on capital is higher than the standard which is aimed at for Government contracts.

But since they are given to understand that the industry's turnover has increased during the war, they don't wish, on the whole, to object to the Treasury view.

The Committee 'hopes it will be possible to frame a scheme satisfactory to both sides which will provide effective incentives to economy.'

6 *Daily Mirror*

Western European Union?

THESE are the simple facts from which arise the desire for closer and more permanent union between Great Britain. France, Belgium and Holland—to which might be added Norway and Denmark. It is not only in this country that the idea has been discussed. General de Gaulle gave expression to a similar idea. The Dutch and Belgian Governments have concluded a currency agreement and are discussing, in general terms, the project of a customs union. These are specifically designed to invite the collaboration both of France and of Britain, and a British-Belgian currency agreement has been announced this week.

This idea of a closer association on the West Coast of Europe has hitherto suffered from some of its expositors. General Smuts was one of the first to give it authoritative expression, and he did so in the clumsiest possible way. What should be a project of Mutual Aid, of Good Neighbourliness, was presented as a means for aggrandising the competitive power of Britain, and was coupled with the most offensive remarks about France. It offended American opinion, on whose ears all discussion of 'power politics' still grates. It offended Russia, against whom alone the combination would be directed. It offended the potential members of the association, who were invited to see in it only a means of subordinating them to British policies and exploiting them for British ambitions. And internationalists all over the world were affronted by a proposal that seemed to smack of exclusive particularism.

It has taken a long time for even such an obviously sensible idea to recover from such sponsorship. Fundamentally, there is nothing in the proposal of a closer association in Western Europe to which anyone could reasonably object—save perhaps some future German aggressor. To American critics it can be said that the sort of association proposed is no more harmful to the outside world than the Pan-American Union—and that it would have a more real economic, cultural and strategic content. To Russian critics it can be said that the basic idea would, but for one thing, be identical with that which leads them to take an interest in Finland and the Baltic States, in Poland and Roumania—the one difference being that the Western Association would proceed only by the free consent of all parties. And to the Western Europeans whose desire for unity is qualified only by apprehensions about the restoration of their full sovereign status, it can be pointed out that there is no country that has had more experience in respecting the equal status of smaller countries than the leader of the British Commonwealth of Nations. *The Economist*

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THE SALVATION ARMY

38/102

Japan: '*It is time I withdrew into my shell*'
AKBABA (Turkey)

American Press Privileged

THE time is ripe for an insistent demand that something be done to improve the service of SHAEF Public Relations Division to the British Press.

SHAEF is an Allied organisation charged with administrating General Eisenhower's declaration that 'the man in the street is entitled to be informed about his country's Forces and the progress of the war. . . .'

Present British feeling is that the British Press is suffering, by design or accident, too severely for silence to be continued. Better to tackle the problems frankly now so that reorganisation can be attempted and existing difficulties smoothed out. . . .

The 'Invasion' began reasonably well in the news sense, but a change soon came. First complaint against SHAEF came over the Press Wireless case—and its 'commercial' entry 'too soon!' That gave great transmission from Normandy to America, but an appalling inadequacy to this country! However it came about, it worked to the advantage of the American Press and to the disadvantage of Britain. . . .

The position in the early weeks of invasion of picture coverage by British Press photographers was farcical. Full details have been given previously. The responsibility for the deficiencies was said at the time to focus on one highly-placed British official. The point now made, however, is that in all matters of Press coverage, SHAEF are supreme. It was some time before British civilian photographers were allowed on the Continent, although U.S. still pool photographers were given facilities denied Britain. The reasons advanced for the delay never did seem 'to hold water.' More recently Fleet Street art editors have expressed concern at the treatment given them and their photographers by SHAEF. The general feeling was that either by design or accident, discrimination was being shown to the advantage of the American photographers.

World's Press News

Immigration Disputes

CONFLICTING views are already apparent over immigration policy after the war. Colonel Drew, the Premier of Ontario, is for a wide measure of British migration, and the opening of an office in London is partly related to its promotion. Mr. Hepburn, the ex-Premier, opposes the idea of opening wide the gate till, after the war, the Service men obtain jobs or are otherwise re-established. Most of the far-looking institutions, and several of the Provinces, favour selective immigration on substantial lines, not immediately after the war but not too delayed. No immigration policy at all was developed after the last war because the re-establishment of the Service men was followed by an economic depression. Constitutionally, no Provincial Government can have anything to do with an immigration policy, though, subject to the Dominion law, it can encourage immigration or migration to its own territory.

Canada's Weekly

U.K. Base for Canada

MR. MACKENZIE KING announced on Monday that Canada has obtained a 99-year lease for defence purposes of the site of the $25,000,000 Goose Bay air base in Labrador. *Canada's Weekly*

[Labrador belongs to Newfoundland, which is controlled by the United Kingdom.—ED.]

Russia Takes Canadian Mine

THE Soviet Government is going to pay the Canadian Government $20,000,000 in American funds as full compensation for taking over the Petsamo nickel mines in Finland. This amounts to $22,000,000 in Canadian money at the current rate of exchange. The mines were owned by the Finnish State and were leased to the Mond Nickel Co. and the International Nickel Co. of Canada. The payment of the compensation will be made in equal instalments over a period of six years. The mines are in the district ceded to the Soviet Government in the Russian-Finnish armistice.

Canada's Weekly

Italian Co-operators?

With reference to your article on the billeting of Italians in Pinner, I would like to state that the local feeling towards them is not as antagonistic as the Sunday Dispatch *would have its readers to believe. There have been a number of complaints from the particular part in which the Italians are quartered but (as the instigators of this contemptible gate-campaign suggest) I can imagine the storm of abuse which would have arisen if bombed-out civilians from Stepney had been put there!*

I have little knowledge of the pre-war activities of the Tory Press, but it has caused great amusement to me to watch this recent move of the Cheap Press, which attempts to divert its readers' minds from important issues, such as the forthcoming election, with this magnification of petty irritations.

I would like to express my own gratitude, and also that of my friends (all in our 'teens), for the help your paper gives us in our attempt to try and shake the complacent, unrealistic attitude of the members of this home of reaction.

ALAN H. DUNGEY
in letter to *Tribune*

'Enlightened Rhodesia'

SOUTHERN RHODESIA asked for bread, and it has been handed a dehydrated substitute which it has received with a wry and suspicious countenance. It asked for the amalgamation of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland, and it has been granted a Consultative Council representative of the three territories. It has still to make up its mind whether this is an act of appeasement or evasion. The one certainty seems to be that the realisation of the dream of a Greater Rhodesia has been postponed. If Southern Rhodesia stands where it did, so too does the British Government. The Colonial Secretary made that plain in his statement in the House of Commons a week ago. . . . The Colonial Secretary added a footnote, by way of question and answer, which cleared away all dubiety as to what he meant by 'existing conditions'. That might have been understood to refer to the war and to the gentleman's agreement between Sir Godfrey Huggins and the British Government that the question of amalgamation should be left in cold storage until the national emergency had passed. 'I would not like it to be thought that "existing conditions" merely mean the continuance of the war,' said the Colonial Secretary. 'There are many other factors. One is the difference in African policy between the territories.' That, of course, is the rub. Rhodesia's more enlightened native policy has earned praise in recent times from more than one quarter, including spokesmen of the natives—only this week we record Sir Evelyn Baring's impartial judgment on the subject—but it has still to commend itself to Downing Street and to people at Westminster.

South Africa

[This is a laugh! Southern Rhodesia has the anti-native attitude of the Union of South Africa. Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland have the rather more liberal policy of the U.K.—ED.]

Indian Resentment at Natal Draft Ordinance

IN an editorial entitled 'Reject It', the pro-Congress paper, *Hindustan Times*, condemns the Natal Draft Occupation Ordinance and describes its provisions as 'even blacker than those of the Pegging Act. . . . 'The proposed legislation is only part of a well-thought-out programme of wholesale segregation of Indians throughout the Province. It is quite clear that no reliance can be placed on General Smuts's words. The Select Committee's unanimous report is proof enough of General Smuts's complicity and of the foul plan of sabotaging the Pretoria agreement. . . . 'We trust the Government of India will give notice to the Union Government that if they do not withdraw the proposed Ordinance and undertake to repeal the Pegging Act, and give immediate effect to the Pretoria Agreement, economic sanctions will be enforced without further negotiations.'

South Africa

One Man's Meat

IT's not so very long ago that our ever-watchful censor banned the entry into South Africa of an issue of *Life* which illustrated negro-white riots in various American cities. But what has happened to old eagle-eyes now, for confronting me is a copy of that journal with a full-page colour ad. bearing a large heading 'Meat and the Body'? 'The growth of childhood and youth,' it says,' call for enough proteins of the *right kind*—the kind that meat provides so abundantly.' Then there is a picture of a big brawny son of the soil, obviously a fellow who had meat with his mother's milk, and it says, 'The trained, firm muscles that obey the mind in swinging the hoe, are dependent on the food you eat. Eat right and live right.' And then,' You like meat for its flavour. Then be glad that meat makes so many contributions to body needs. Meat ranks high on the list of protective foods as an excellent source of B vitamins and the minerals iron, copper and phosphorus. Meat is our most important single source of the *right kind* of proteins, because it contains all the protein substances necessary for growth, tissue replacement and repair. Meat measures up to every protein need. That's why it is called the yardstick of protein foods.' All this must be gall and wormwood to most South African eating enthusiasts, to say nothing of the Meat Controller, whose job gets bigger the less meat there is to control (it's especially big just now). There seems to be a lack of liaison between official departments here: let's hope that it's rectified swiftly and that such anti-government propaganda is never allowed to sully our fair bookstalls again.

Trek

Why only 8/6?

In these times of scarcity, Votrix Vermouth could be sold at more than twice the present price, but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in wartime, price is not always an indication of value. Votrix is the best vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths. Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8/6 the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

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Votrix Vermouth

"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Whatever imperfections may have marred the Golden Age which philosophers and poets have delighted to imagine, nerve strain was not one of them. Nerve strain is a product of our modern civilization, and it has never been more widely prevalent than it is to-day. "In the present state of medical knowledge", say the doctors "we have no more certain means of alleviating this strain than organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination". That is why they are prescribing 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for it is only in the form of 'Sanatogen' that these two essential nerve foods can be fully absorbed and assimilated. If you are feeling over-tired, run-down, on edge—ask your chemist if he has a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time — 6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product

Shape of Women to Come

'I'd like to know your opinion of the prospects of London as a fashion centre of the world, Mr. Hartnell. Once communications are freely established again between Paris and New York there is sure to be a great revival of interest in fashion. What are our chances?'

'London has as good a chance as anyone,' said Mr. Hartnell, 'but my feeling is that there will be no monopoly of post-war fashion. During the war period the world of fashion has been putting its house in order; they have found their own designs and styles. Yes, I think I can say that there will be fair competition, but no monopoly.'

Replying to my question whether we should continue to work in close conjunction with Paris, Mr. Hartnell thought we should branch out more on our own. Although, of course, we should always look to Paris for *de luxe* materials and the lovely accessories, such as flowers, buckles, and trimmings which make a model.

Before the war we were beginning to produce these accessories just as skilfully. Mr. Hartnell had several of these artists working in his own workrooms. But the authorities naturally have not permitted this work during the war. Future developments in this field, he thought, would depend a great deal on the political situation and whether we wanted to create such trade.

'Then you are not unduly disturbed at America's bid to capture the world's fashion market, and the building of a great fashion centre in New York?'

Mr. Hartnell smiled. 'It sounds rather too commercial a proposition. The artist has to work on his own volition; he cannot be regimented or told what to do. America has always been inspired by European fashions, and I think they always will. But in their sports and beach clothes they have evolved a fashion entirely their own, which is unique, and does not impinge on our own. . . .'

Mr. Hartnell was firm. The only becoming line was the natural waist-line. In a period of transition there were always exaggerations, but they did not last. The Empire and Nautchgirl outlines were the outcome of transition. Both were unnatural and exaggerated. . . .

'And while we're on the subject of line, there is another thing which cannot be emphasised too much.' Mr. Hartnell paused, then continued: 'It is so important that every woman should have the proper foundation garment underneath. It cannot be said too often. The most perfectly designed gown can be ruined by an indifferent foundation.'

Corsetry and Underwear Journal

It is suggested by a member of the trade that a corset parade through London to Westminster might be one way of getting better foundations THE DRAPERS' RECORD

The Women

Fifty-six American women have been nominated to go to the peace conference. Well, any time 56 American women stopped talking, it would at least *sound* like peace.

St Louis Post-Dispatch

The English, After All, Write English Too

A recent issue of the New York *Saturday Review of Literature* prints a letter from one of its soldier readers, who writes from 'Somewhere in India'. The advertisements in the American literary papers, he says, make him home-sick and he is a little sad that the British edition of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* had the original title changed to *A Tree Grows in the Yard.* 'Apparently, India under British literary influence, never heard of Brooklyn.' He goes on:

'In this country there are some surprisingly good bookstalls; the English, after all, speak and write English too. The books are not very recent, but some are published in Britain at about the same time they appear at home, so that they reach India fairly early. I've seen *Indigo* here, and Ingersoll's *The Battle is the Payoff* and Smith's *Tree.* There is a good deal of poetry on display and more of Ezra Pound than any one else. A lot of T. S. Eliot, too. The Penguin books seem to me to be much better than our own pocket-books, which have become nearly completely detective tales.

'Soldiers don't read much. Prosaic everyday details take too much time and energy. Besides, we all work here. But there are places you can get good books. For example, the Red Cross in this city has a good library, so good, in fact, that it is the only Red Cross which insists on a deposit before we take out books, probably indicating that a good many books are kept. A five rupee deposit apparently makes one honest.'

The Bookseller

'Aren't you wearing your hair differently?
NEW YORKER

The War to End all Wars

ADMIRERS of the poetry and charming prose style of the Spanish-born philosopher, George Santayana, will be interested to hear that he is serenely living in Rome, where he has been since the beginning of the war.

Mr. Santayana holds the unanswerable view that war is caused mainly by the world having 'too many babies'. He feels that more bachelors and old maids around the globe might help matters.

The philosopher leads a secluded life enjoying a lovely view of the Alban hills.

Daily Sketch

That Livid Look is De Rigueur

WOMEN's slacks have been given the Stop signal by a Parisian fashion designer, Henri de Chatillon. When he sees a pair of them on a woman, says M. de Chatillon, he becomes 'simply sick all over'; he feels 'positively livid'.

This is—as the French say so eloquently—as it may be. Slacks are slacks, and M. de Chatillon is M. de Chatillon, and never the twain shall meet. But if the gentleman proposes to set a precedent for gentlemen to feel sick all over and turn positively livid on viewing women's wear that does not please them, it begins to look like a long hard winter, spring, summer and autumn in the fashion designing game.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Hard Lines?

THEN . . . you can arrange your Nonchalant coiffure so that it is most flattering . . . brings out every line in your face.

From an advt. in the *Detroit Free Press*

Rubber Situation

. . . MR. MESSER: Is the right hon. gentleman aware that masseurs do not wear stockings, but that masseuses do? Would it not be better if these reactionary hospitals altered their rules as many hospitals have done, to allow their staffs not to wear stockings?

Mr. Dalton: I will consult the Ministry of Health on what the next step should be.

Mr. J. J. Lawson: Whether my right hon. friend uses the old word or the new, cannot he get a plain English word for these nurses?

Mr. Dalton: Perhaps my hon. friend would suggest a name, a short and simple English name, and I shall be glad to adopt it.

Hon. Members: Rubbers.

Hansard

Fragrant Minute

CIGARETTE advertisement in *House and Garden*, picturing a bride, reads:

'So serene in her opulent heir-loom gown. But inwardly, she's a-quiver. "What a moment," thinks she, "for a Marlboro".'

Reader's Digest

Help!

THE bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. John Mumford, and as they entered the church Miss Rogers, who was at the organ, played bridal music, which at the bridegroom's request was interspersed with strains of 'Rescue the Perishing.'

The Scillonian

Is the Doctor In?

IN Manhattan's Central Park Zoo the chimpanzee Jow suffered a toothache, cooled it off by unscrewing his cage's water pipe connection, thus attracted his trainer's attention, pointed to the aching tooth, had it extracted with a pair of pliers.

Time (U.S.A.)

Criticism

HIS gifts as a lyric dancer are most remarkable. His build resembles that of the juvenile 'saltimbanques' of the early Picasso canvases. As a dancer his instep and his knees are extraordinarily elastic and quick; his steps, runs, kneebends and leaps are brilliant in lightness and speed. His torso can turn on its vertical axis with great sensitivity, his shoulders are held lightly free, and his head poises intelligently. The arms are light and long; they float but do not often have an active look.

EDWIN DENBY in the *Herald Tribune*

6

Script Writing

A SEXTON, cleaning up the pulpit after a Sunday service, peeped at the preacher's manuscript. Along the left margin were instructions such as: 'Pause here', 'Wipe brow here', 'Use angry fist gesture', 'Look upward.' Near the end was a long paragraph of texts, opposite which the preacher had marked in capital letters: 'ARGUMENT WEAK HERE, YELL LIKE HELL!'

Psychic News

Service!

AN Englishman, a Mr. Holt, returned to London from the country a few weeks ago and found his town house pretty well shattered as the result of a direct hit next door. As he stood at the top of his steps, contemplating the rubble in his front hall, an elderly man trotted up, removed his bowler, and coughed apologetically. 'Good morning, sir,' he said. 'I have called about the beetles in your kitchen.'

New Yorker

Scientists Denounced

NO usurper in recorded history has enjoyed so steady and so dramatic a progress towards supreme power as has the scientist in the last three centuries. Starting as a persecuted and derided quack, he has now become prophet, priest and king; religion is his washpot, over philosophy he has cast out his shoe. So complete has been his victory that, today, despite the manifold and pilotless blessing with which science has enriched us, any tuppenny-ha'penny cheapjack who can put B.Sc. after his name (obtained as likely as not by correspondence from the University of Medicine Hat) will be listened to on any subject from military strategy to the immaculate conception. . . .

OSBERT LANCASTER, *The Observer*

Pocket Radio

AUSTIN HUTTON in the *Evening News* described meeting a Dutchman who came out of his cottage asking, 'Would you like to listen to the News?' He held out a pocket watch that immediately began to vibrate with the confident tones of a B.B.C. announcer.

A three-valve radio set was packed into a German issue field dressing box, with a red cross on the lid. It was not more than four inches by three. The power came either from a battery or a hand-worked dynamo, also pocket-sized. The young Dutchman worked in the laboratory of a radio factory. The radio set was one of many built to German specifications as experiments.

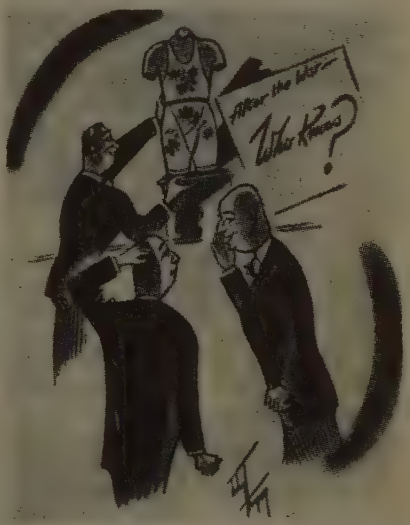
Netherlands News Digest

Just Relax!

LESLIE BROOKS is a believer in relaxation and describes her favourite method, based on scientific facts (she says) in these words: 'Lie on the floor, on your back, a pillow under your head. Then bend your knees upright, until your feet are comfortable close to your hips. Keep the heels of the feet on the floor, but place a second pillow under the soles of the feet. Next, turn your heels out, your toes in, pigeon-wise. Now cross your arms on your chest so that your elbows are crossed over the centre of your chest and your hands dangling. Then slump onto the floor. Now think of yourself as an empty suit of clothes. The suit collapses, lying on the floor. The front falls into the back—the sides slump together. Imagine that a strong pair of hands are smoothing out all the wrinkles in the suit. They uncrease the back of the coat; they pull the coat-hem towards your heels; they straigthen out the wrinkles in the shoulder and back.

Do this exercise fifteen minutes at a time—once a day—and after a little practice, your nerves will usually stop demanding a two weeks' vacation with pay.

Columbia Press Handout



'He embroidered them himself—I think he got the idea from the article on post-war shirtings in last week's issue of Men's Wear!

MEN'S WEAR

Very Basic?

VAN SLYKE *et al.* have described in the *Journal of Biological Chemistry*, 1941, 141, 627 and 671, the use of ninhydrin (triketohydrindene hydrate) in the determination of free amino acids. The gasometric determination of carboxyl groups in free amino acids, and the determination of free amino acids by titration of the carbon dioxide formed in the reaction with ninhydrin are described in the two papers concerned.

Price will be quoted on request

THE BRITISH DRUG HOUSES LTD.

GRAHAM STREET LONDON N.1

Advt. in *Nature*

Race Segregation Based on Bible

AT a recent session of the Nederduits Hervormde of Gereformeerde Kerk Synod, when discussing a section of the Synodal Commission's report dealing with the arming of natives, the Rev. B. J. Marais (Pretoria East) protested against a part of the report saying that the Bible, and particularly the New Testament, taught that there should be racial differentiation and guardianship by the European over the non-European. He moved that this section be deleted.

The Rev. H. C. G. Flemming (Krugersdorp) said that if the Synod agreed to this deletion it would seem as if it endorsed racial intermingling.

Following discussion, Professor E. P. Groenewald suggested that the report should refer to the principles of racial separation and guardianship as based on the Bible.

Replying to the debate, Mr. Marais said he did not advocate racial equality. Racial segregation could be based on the Bible, but he thought the Synod could not agree to the report as formulated by the Commission.

The Synod agreed to Professor Groenewald's suggestion.

South Africa

'Arranged for Milking'

THE bird that I am going to write about is the owl. The owl cannot see at all by day, and at night it is as blind as a bat. I do not know much about the owl, so I will go on to the beast which I am going to choose.

It is the cow. The cow is a mamal. It has six sides, right, left, and upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away so that they will not fall in the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns, and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with. The mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking.

When people milk, the milk comes, and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realised, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

The man cow is an ox. It is not a mamal. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because all its inside is full up of grass.

Essay by a ten-year-old boy at Kittybrewster School, Aberdeen. The title is 'Birds and Beasts.'

Gold!

IN modern journalism the editor of an organ of opinion may enjoy a moderately placid life on one condition. He may mention Sir William Beveridge, General de Gaulle, the anti-Semite question, the medical White Paper, the Education Act, the drinking and other habits of footloose young women, the traits of our visiting allies of all continents and colours, and the various sects of the Christian religion—and, beyond an inflated letter-bag and a few threats to bump off himself, his staff, his children and his aged mother, and to burn down the premises, little damage will befall him. But let him mention gold—let him, indeed, mention currency with the suggestion that gold was once a currency backing—and St. Lawrence on his gridiron becomes an enviable sybarite.

Truth

Post-war Plans (Men)

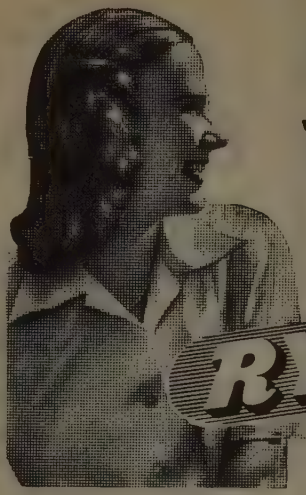
A REMARKABLE fact was revealed by Oliver Stanley, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in answer to a question. In five of our Colonies—the Bahamas, Bermuda, Gibraltar, Malta and St. Helena—there is no Income Tax, Super-Tax or Excess Profits Tax. This information will be interesting to those wealthy men who may feel reluctant to bear the burden of our post-war social reforms.

Tribune

THE POST-WAR GIRL

Wanted—Young lady to train as Lion Tamer.

Perthshire Advertiser



FINE, THANKS!

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When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

As these words are written . . .

no man can tell if Christmas will find Europe at Peace, but whether it be Peace or War, as always, Christmas will mean generous impulses, kindly thoughts, goodwill.

Thousands of men and women of the Forces the world over will look to the Church Army to make their Christmas Day a little different from the other 364.

Lonely old folk, gentlewomen in distress, sick people, children, will be made glad, if Christmas for them can mean something more than just happiness for other people.

Your generous impulse, kindly thought and goodwill, expressed by your gift to the Church Army this Christmas will make such a difference to so many.

Cheques should be made payable to the Church Army, crossed 'Barclays, a/c Church Army' and sent to the Rev. H. H. TREACHER, General Secretary and Head.

CHURCH ARMY

55 BRYANSTON STREET, LONDON, W.1

(*Registered under the War Charities Act*, 1940)

10/113

Good Things for Christmas

At Heal's this year visitors will again find a good choice of characteristic and not too expensive Christmas presents.

For those who cannot call, our Christmas Folder (2½d. post free) will prove interesting and helpful.

HEAL'S

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

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Important dates to holders of

3% DEFENCE BONDS

You will look forward to these dates if you have your savings invested in 3% Defence Bonds. These are the dates when interest is paid out.

From the day you invest your first £5 in Defence Bonds they begin to earn 3% interest per annum. This interest is subject to income tax, but tax is not deducted at source. Defence Bonds can be bought in multiples of £5 for cash or with 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps collected in easy stages. Any individual may hold up to £1,000 in Defence Bonds. The Bonds will be repayable at par 10 years after purchase, plus premium of £1 per cent; or you can get full repayment at 6 months' notice. In case of private emergency you can, with the consent of the Postmaster-General, get early repayment less 6 months' interest. Defence Bonds can be bought through a Savings Group or War Savings Centre, from your bank or stockbroker, at any Trustee Savings Bank and at most Post Offices. Why not make a start this week?

Issued by the National Savings Committee

"I'm alright now mister!"

Thousands of children thank the N.S.P.C.C. for rescuing them from the misery of neglect or ill-treatment.

Please help in this noble work.

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